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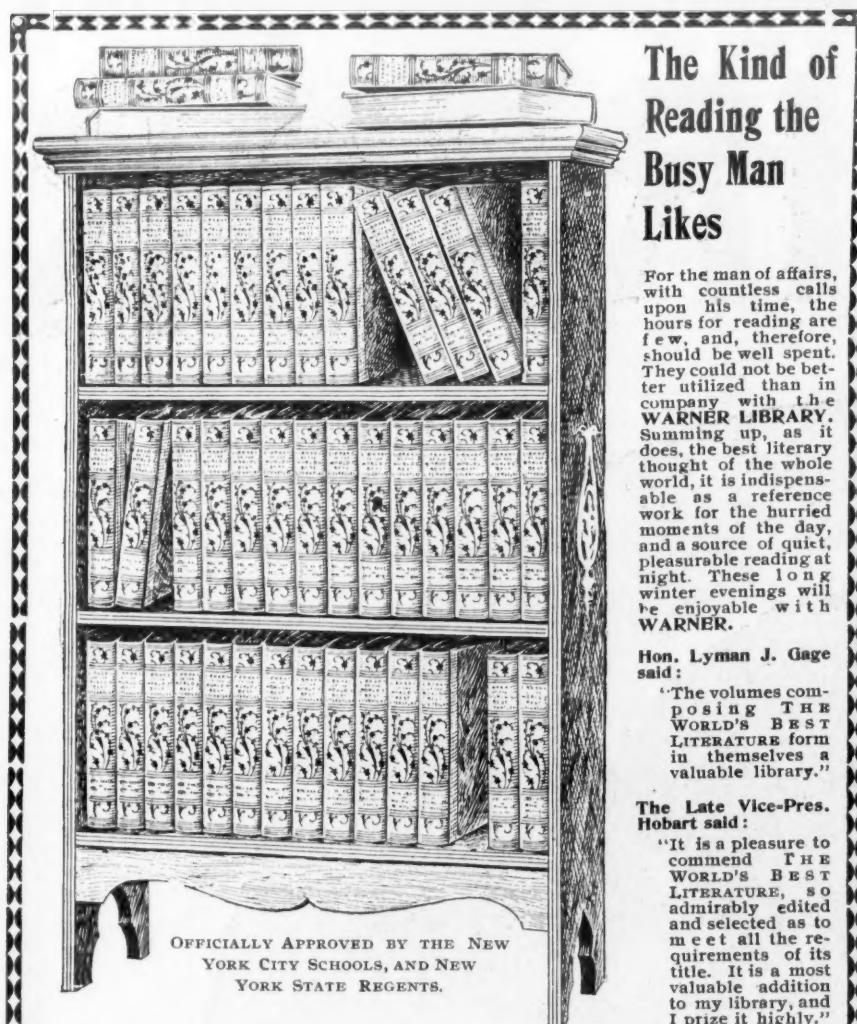
THURSDAY  
October 9, 1902

# THE MIRROR SAINT-LOVIS



A  
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

## The Mirror



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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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The October number of the VALLEY MAGAZINE, was published on the fifth of this month. It will be found to be an improvement upon its predecessors in every way. The VALLEY MAGAZINE is the best magazine on earth for fifty cents a year. Perusal of any one issue will convince you of this fact.

## BOODLE SIDE-LIGHTS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

THE noise of this city's boodle explosion and the stench thereof fills the world's ears and nostrils. The advertisement of St. Louis is a big one, but not the sort of an advertisement we would have chosen, more especially since the city had more than enough of such notoriety when, during the big street-car strike, the papers all over the country published the details of the stripping of women in the streets for riding on boycotted cars. This city is being pictured in the public mind as almost hopelessly lawless and corrupt, when the fact is that it is not so distinguished above all other big municipalities. This hurts the town. It will keep people away from here. It will make business men chary of doing business with our merchants. It will make men hesitate to bring their families here to live. It will attract to the city all those elements that live and thrive in what Josiah Flynt calls "the world of graft." It is, therefore, matter for congratulation that the boodle story is now an old one and that its necessary retelling in cases yet to be tried will not involve widespread repetition of the story in the press. It is enough that this city has resolutely opened its sore with its own hands and drained off the poisonous pus that had been gathering for years; but we must remember that St. Louis is no worse than any other great city in the matter of boodling, that there has not been passed in any city or town of importance in the last twenty years a single important private measure of legislation without the use of boodle. This is not to say that there need to be any let-up in the prosecution of alleged criminals on the boodler order. The purification must proceed, and proceed vigorously as begun. The

MIRROR believes in punishing criminals, and, in spite of the hundred or so anonymous scurrite correspondents who write the editor to tell him he has been "bought," the MIRROR believes in, and cordially supports, the reform movement in this city.

But while the MIRROR believes in exposing and punishing corruption and corruptionists, it also believes that the work should be done with due regard for those principles of law which are laid down by the wisdom of the fathers for the protection of any man or every man accused of crime. There is no provision of law which permits that a Grand Jury, when it cannot indict a man on the facts submitted to the inquisition, shall subterraneously give those facts to the newspapers in such form as to constitute an accusation of guilt to which the person accused can make no answer. If the Grand Jury cannot find reasonable cause to summon a man formally to answer certain charges in an indictment, there is neither reason nor justice in presenting an *ex parte* case against him, with conclusions of guilt, in the newspapers. If the Grand Jury does not summon a man to trial, it should not, in mere pique, blast his reputation in the public prints. The MIRROR does not believe in indictment by newspaper. The MIRROR believes that a bad precedent has been established in the matter of exacting exorbitant bail of the accused in the boodle cases; that the bail was fixed at such sums as to amount practically, in the cases of some of the defendants, to a denial of the Constitutional right to give

bail. Furthermore, the refusal of the court to accept bail bonds offered by Edward Butler, though himself indicted, appears to have been an error. Butler is worth every dollar he offered to pledge as security for the appearance of the men he volunteered to go bail for. It does not matter that Butler may have been, or may be supposed to have been, implicated in the offenses alleged against the men he offered to bail out. The law only asks, that the person offering bail shall be solvent in a sum in excess of the bail offered. When Butler appeared to bail out the delegates held in jail, when he offered his good security, when he was the only man willing to offer the security demanded, and when that security was repudiated and refused, the men for whom he went to the front were denied bail in a bailable offense and their rights were violated. When their rights were violated the rights of all citizens were violated. When all citizens, under whatever stress of righteous emotion, are willing that the rights of a few, under charges great or small, may be ignored or overridden, then a drift has begun in the direction of the rule of passion over reason, or, in other words, mob law.

The MIRROR does not believe that it is well to force men to trial for their liberty in a community inflamed to the highest degree by *ex parte* presentations of the evidence against them. The men indicted for boodling in this community are practically convicted before they go to trial. The newspapers have proclaimed their guilt and printed the evidence before it has been presented in court, and under the law, as it is written, the circumstances assure the presence upon the jury of the men most likely to have had their minds made up by newspaper presentation of the charges and editorial fulminations demanding conviction.

In the case of Robert M. Snyder this was shown most glaringly. Snyder's bribery of Assemblymen was practically admitted in his defense. The only thing upon which he stood was the fact that the statute of limitations had run in his case. If he had lived in Missouri all the years since he bribed the traction bill through the Assembly he was not punishable. If he had lived in New York, or elsewhere outside of Missouri, he was amenable to the law. It was proved by a cloud of witnesses that his residence was in Kansas City, this State. There were but four or five witnesses who testified that they knew him as a resident of New York City. There were more witnesses to his residence to Missouri than to his residence in New York. The former were equally as credible as the latter. Yet "the jury of more than ordinary intelligence" ignored the preponderating evidence and found Snyder guilty. Now, Snyder was the worst boodler of the lot. He deliberately planned to force the street car men of St. Louis to buy him off his project to cripple their properties by securing a blanket franchise over their lines. He held up the St. Louis capitalists for millions through bribing the Assembly with \$250,000, but he proved that he had never given up his residence in Missouri. That being the case, he was not punishable for his admitted offense. The Jury ignored his proof and gave him five years, on general principles. But the jury in doing this acted in defiance of the law. Its members did not dare to give him the benefit of the one point in his

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favor. The one right to his liberty that Snyder possessed as a defendant was ignored, simply because the jurors felt that the populace demanded a conviction. If this may be done to a man like Snyder it may be done to anybody. It does not matter that Snyder practically admitted boodling. But it does matter that conclusive proof of a fact that should have enforced a *nolle prosequi* in his case should have been ignored. A man who should not even have been tried, was not only tried but convicted. Snyder was, to all appearances, immune from prosecution, but the law's provisions that protected him, under a certain state of facts, were ignored. He was admittedly guilty of bribery, but the law shielded him and that law was ignored. The only excuse for such a thing is that the people are exasperated by recent revelations and are determined that boodling shall be punished, but in answer to such an excuse, it need only be said that the same excuse is made for outbreaks of lynching. As yet no one has openly advocated lynch law as a proper remedy for boodling, or for anything else.

It is not to be denied that popular exasperation is eminently justified. There is no question that the boodlers of St. Louis were the most brazen of the species. There is no sane person who wants any boodle giver or taker acquitted. There is no decent man or woman who does not applaud the energy and skill with which Circuit Attorney Folk has made war upon corruption. But for all that, in spite even of the boodlers' invasion and usurpation and denial of other people's rights, the fact stands that the law provides that every man accused of crime shall have a fair trial. A fair trial means a trial in which every one of the prisoner's rights shall have due consideration. If a man under a certain law and a certain state of facts should not be tried at all, and is, nevertheless, forced to trial and convicted, that man's rights are violated. The most lawless man should be punished lawfully. To punish him in defiance of law is to breed lawlessness upon lawlessness.

The whole scheme of utilizing popular passion to "get results" in the boodle prosecutions is a bad one. Edward Butler is to be tried at Columbia, Mo., for attempted bribery. A Columbia paper publishes an editorial intimating that influences are at work in that community to bring about a miscarriage of justice in Butler's case. In a small community like Columbia the inference is that any person who may be on the jury that tries Butler and may find against the contentions of the State, can only do so in response to subtly corrupt influences brought to bear in behalf of Butler. This is, in effect, forming a verdict against Butler before he is brought to the bar. The MIRROR has fought Butler long in local politics and in matters of local legislation. It has demanded even that he be brought to trial because of his own scoffs and sneers at the efforts of the law to catch him, but the MIRROR does not believe that Ed Butler should be convicted whether or no. He is entitled to a fair trial, to every safeguard the law throws about him in his position as defendant, as if he were Mr. James L. Blair or Mr. Thomas S. McPheeters or any reformer who might be brought to trial for any alleged violation of the law. If reformers justify to themselves the use of a literary bureau to work up sentiment to insure a man's conviction of an offense, and those reformers be men of position, education, culture, and, above all, versed in the theory of the law that a man is supposed to be innocent until proven guilty, then all there is to be said is that grim, old Ed Butler, stand-

ing ready to stake his fortune to save "the boys" he is alleged to have bribed, facing an entire impassioned community with imperturbable *sang froid* and cynical humor, would appear to be truer to his standards, even granting them to be lower standards, of conduct than reformers are to theirs.

In fine, the MIRROR only urges and argues that the most impressive way to punish boodlers, and thus prevent further boodling, is to do so in accordance with cold law and not in a gust of popular passion. The MIRROR would not put a single obstacle in the way of Circuit Attorney Folk's efforts to convict criminals. The MIRROR does not desire that any guilty man shall escape. This paper maintains only that the execution of the vengeance of the law upon evil doers will be more effective and imposing if it be brought about under such circumstances and conditions, as will prove conclusively to everyone that the law is great enough and strong enough to protect and guarantee the rights even of its violators, when haling them to punishment. Popular opinion may favor "getting" the boodlers "any old way, so they're got," but that is not popular sanity. "Get" the boodlers, but "get" them in such manner that their punishment shall be evidence of the majestic serenity of the law rather than an indication that eternal and fundamental principles are to be set aside in order to insure the punishment of individuals. The penitentiary cannot be too full of boodlers, big and little, but it is possible that precedents established in boodle cases, in deference to popular clamor for victims, may be used at some later time to send to the penitentiary or the gibbet men guiltless of anything worse than having incurred unpopularity among their fellow citizens, without such unpopularity being as well grounded as that manifested against the men who are now "up against" the law.

### REFLECTIONS

#### Invincible

**W**HAT a world of ink is being wasted by those writers for the papers who are setting forth the schemes by which Theodore Roosevelt is to be defeated for the nomination for President. There is nothing that can prevent Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, except it be "an act of God." The people are with him. The interests which the people distrust are against him. It would be suicide for the Republican party to turn him down. And the Democrats have not the ghost of a show to put up a candidate who can defeat him in the election. Roosevelt is invincible with the people of every section of the country.

#### The Veiled Prophets

This city owes a big debt of gratitude to the organization known as the Veiled Prophets. Its members devote a great deal of their time and their money each year to the task of providing an instructive and interesting pageant and a splendid ball for the citizens and the fall visitors. The entertainment this year easily surpassed all that had gone before, and it was provided with a sumptuousness of detail that was truly impressive. The money and the labor and the worry it represented were cheerfully borne by men who reap no profits from their efforts. The pageant and ball represent about the best, because the most unselfish, public spirit there is in this community, and those two events are but side-issues of public service with most of the men belonging to this organization. For twenty-

six years the Veiled Prophets have been the city's most characteristic organization, efficient not only in the matter of giving color and social tone to the fall season in St. Louis, but in all movements for the city's betterment. The order has in contemplation more extensive entertainments for the years to come. Its achievements in the past assure the surpassing of those achievements in the future. The people at large, cannot be too appreciative of the men who, out of their own purses, and for no other reason than a desire to give their fellow citizens a night's delight, have, for more than quarter of a century, presented to us, each year, a pretty story in color and flame and music, and wound it all up with a ball which brings all the people of all the "sets" together, with just enough of formality to relieve the gathering of the suspicion of indiscriminateness. Let the city support the Veiled Prophets whenever it is called upon to do so. The order is the worthiest institution, not distinctly charitable in purpose, in this good old town.



#### A Con Game

WALL STREET is working a big confidence game on the National Treasury. There is no such scarcity of funds in the West as has been reported. There is plenty of money to loan in legitimate business ventures in all the banks in the large Western cities. There is no stringency anywhere, except among the stock gamblers, who need money to carry their loads of alleged securities. The more money the Treasury puts out for the accommodation of the gamblers the longer fictitious prosperity will continue, and the longer fictitious prosperity continues the greater will be the smash, and the sooner the smash comes the better it will be for legitimate business interests of this country.



#### Should the Young Person Know?

THE second international conference on the sanitary and moral prophylaxis (prevention) of venereal diseases was held at Brussels a few weeks ago. The meeting was well attended and productive of important results. Two hundred delegates from thirty-six countries took part in the discussions. Among the resolutions unanimously passed is one which declares that "the problem of rational and progressive education on the questions of intersexual order, from the hygienic and moral point of view, should be brought before the institutions for the education of the young in all degrees." The delegates thereby demonstrated their belief in the efficacy of popular education as a means of minimizing the social evil and of preventing the spread of diseases growing out of the moral plague. They were both surprised and pleased at the announcement made by Professor Boeck, of the University of Christiana, that the government of Norway had already appointed a committee of supervisors in each village, whose duty it is to instruct the young in reference to the origin and nature of the diseases referred to, in the most simple language possible, and to do so along lines that would lead up to strenuous advocacy of the strictest sexual morality. Norway must thus be credited with the honor of having been first to resort to popular education as a means to promote moral health and to check the growth of that world-old evil, on which Lecky framed such a splendid passage, and the various dangers, moral and physical, attached to or springing from it. The capital of the kingdom, Christiana, is reputed to be one of the most immoral in Europe, in spite of its extreme Northern latitude, and it is, therefore, easy to understand that the authorities felt themselves compelled to make

stronger efforts than ever to fight the leprous moral evil. There can hardly be any question that publicity and popular education will do some good work in the campaign against a social vice that has always baffled moral reformers and well-meaning govermental authorities. Too long it has been the habit and determination of those entrusted with the task of dealing with such issues to enshroud questions of sexual relations and the disastrous physical, mental, moral and social consequences that flow from them, in a thick mist of vague allusions, rather enticing than otherwise, especially to the innocent. Offences against sexual morality have invariably been handled with thick gloves. Few have ever dared to attack the subject with a frank courage, and even Sanger, in his "History of Prostitution," seems half afraid to say what is actually in his mind at certain stages of his discussion. The teachers of the young have never had the courage to instruct the youth of a nation in the rudiments of sexual hygiene, or to emphasize, in a practical way, the spiritual as well as physical profits arising from a strict compliance with the natural religious, and social regulations of sexual relations. That there may be danger in such a method of treatment as adopted in Norway on these matters can hardly be denied, but the question is whether there is not more danger in the custom of leaving the young to find out things for themselves. Too often, as we know, under the old plan, the young do not find out about these things until it is too late. It is at least a tenable proposition, that by enshrouding in secrecy all information regarding certain physical functions, we have not been innocent of giving to those functions, exercised furtively and clandestinely, a glamour they would not wear if they had been more frankly regarded and honestly recognized as stupendous facts in life. There is surely something in the theory that, having failed to check the evils referred to by hiding them, we might try, in some carefully devised manner, to accomplish something by means of education. As Professor Neisser, director of the dermatological clinic of Breslau, and the foremost scientific authority present at the Brussels conference, well says, "the most important and the most efficacious means to employ in the struggle against the diffusion of venereal diseases consists in the spreading abroad, as widely as possible, ideas relative to the dangers and the importance of the diseases" that have their origin in social and sexual irregularities. "It is necessary not only to teach young men that chastity and continence are not harmful, but also that those virtues are valuable from a medical point of view." It is almost self-evident that public policy and public welfare call for a change of tactics in the struggle with sexual vice, of which the best that has ever been said is, that its victims are necessary sacrifices to the maintenance of a public morality. Modern science does not countenance ignorance regarding a matter that is of such tremendous importance, that affects social conditions and public health to a vital degree. Scientific men have about reached the conclusion that there should be no false delicacy any longer in dealing with sexual questions. They maintain, as they did at the Brussels conference, that proper instruction on such subjects will never corrupt. On the contrary, they maintain, it will strengthen the moral fiber of young men and young women, and teach them how to take care of themselves, how to avoid dangers and how to use and protect their physical body. If there are any religious "tenderfeet" who shrink from including the subject of sex in the educational curriculum, the Brussels prophylaxists bid them take heart from St. Paul's

admonition that "every one should know how to possess his vessel (body) in sanctification and honor." The subject is one that cannot be dodged, as the world moves nowadays. Those who would blink the whole matter now, as in the past, forget that the young person of to-day is not so innocent as we always assume. They are too often learning in wrong ways what they might be taught in better ways, while we are "protecting their innocence" by silence. And yet the world at large is fairly wise and it may not do to change our attitude toward such a subject too radically. We cannot be quite sure that the teaching of children on such things would effect the social cure desired. Many parents have regretted in bitterness the adoption of the method of frankness. Familiarity with certain things may breed as much evil as mystery has bred in the past. It is possible that scientists are too far ahead of the times. It is not only possible, but probable. Still, thinking men and women would do well to give careful consideration to such monitions as have been formulated in the Belgian capital, if they would do their duty to the future.



### The Clew to the Secret

MANY, many years ago, old Benjamin Franklin made the assertion that electricity was a fluid current in the air. Since that time, scientists have tried to give us a different explanation of the mysterious spark. But they have not succeeded. All their experimenting, studying and theorizing has had the queer result of leading back to the belief that the American philosopher may, after all, have had the best conception of the nature of electricity. This is the conclusion reached by Mr. Carl Snyder in an article in the late number of *Harper's Magazine*. That the particles of electricity may be weighed and that their speed can be determined has been conclusively demonstrated by Prof. J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge University. "They are," says Mr. Snyder, "the smallest things known to man, and it may be that out of them the universe is made. It is rather bewildering to be told that these corpuscles may turn out to be electricity, matter, light, the aurora borealis, magnetism, chemical affinity and various other trifles, all at once. They have introduced an utterly new conception into the domain of electricity—that the latter is atomic in character, or, according to the new idea, atomic in structure. In order to get at some sort of a working model of the processes which go on in his laboratory, the chemist was obliged to resort to the notion of ultimate units of matter, atoms—literally, that which cannot be cut. Choosing the lightest of the atoms, that of hydrogen, as a basis, the chemist weighs and measures his atoms of gold or sulphur or iron, as if they were so much sugar or salt in his scale plans." Studying the actions going on in the Crookes tube the source of the X-ray, Professor Crookes arrived at the conclusion that the glow within the tube is due to the incandescence of tiny fragments of matter. Afterwards, Professor Thompson invented a method to count the corpuscles, or fragments, and, knowing the total amount of electricity they bore, it proved a comparatively easy task to calculate the charge in each corpuscle. This charge is now looked upon by scientists as the electric unit, or, as Professor Stoney terms it, an "electron." Mr. Snyder declares that "in studying the relation of the 'electron' to the corpuscle, it seems that the former is only known when associated with the latter, and that matter and electricity are so indissolubly bound up together that they are to all intents one and the same." The corpuscles, according to the best scientific knowledge of the present

day, must be regarded as the primal matter. "They are the stuff of which all existing things, a star-fish or a planet, a music box or a mummy, are made." Isaac Newton had already advanced the theory that light must be an incessant hail of bodies so minute as to elude all means of direct, close investigation. Franklin's idea of electricity was along similar lines. It thus seems that neither Volta, nor Galvani, nor Faraday ascertained anything in their investigations that could be construed as impairing the value of Franklin's theory. Modern science is gradually reverting to old Ben's belief that electricity is a hail of minute corpuscles, each forming an "electron," or, in other words, a fluid current. The corpuscle itself is estimated to be one one-thousandth part of an atom, which, according to Lord Kelvin's computation, has a diameter of one twenty-five millionth of an inch. It is evident to most scientists, of not too densely specialistic limitation, that all the sciences tend to blend into a oneness, that all things are one, that matter and force are terms of the same thing, that, in a word, the final creed must be Pantheism. Electricity, more than aught else, furnishes the clew that seems to lead to this conclusion, and Ben Franklin seems to have divined at once the nature and illimitable possibilities of the fire he stole from heaven with his kite.



### Insurance Company Gambling

INSURANCE companies have become important factors in modern finance. A writer in the October number of the *World's Work* makes the statement that at the close of last year, the sixty-seven insurance companies—both life and fire—reported total holdings of stocks, bonds, mortgages and real estate of more than \$1,500,000,000, and that the total income of these companies amounted to about \$376,000,000, or more than \$200,000,000 above the amount paid to policy holders for all purposes, leaving a surplus, therefore, after expenses, of more than \$120,000,000. In the face of such figures, is it any wonder that insurance companies are now playing a prominent part in Wall street operations, in the financing of underwriting syndicates, and the regulation of security markets? Owing to the fact that good securities are closely held and yield comparatively little on the investment, the great life insurance companies are now willing to enter any promising field of financial enterprise, where funds may be employed in a conservative manner and return a good profit. It is well known that insurance money contributed greatly towards the successful floating of some of Morgan's consolidation projects. Insurance companies are now heavy holders of the shares of banks and trust companies. They possess the means and power to guide and shape the money market, to regulate interest rates and the prices of securities. They have, on various occasions, come to the rescue of Wall street and prevented a serious disaster by absorbing large amounts of choice bonds and stocks thrown overboard by frightened holders. When, some years ago, the German government required the New York Life Insurance Company to dispose of its holdings of shares of private corporations, Wall street was in quite a flutter of excitement, and pressure was brought to bear upon the officials of the big concern to induce them to sell the stocks placed under the ban in a gradual, unostentatious manner. Forced, precipitate liquidation would have had a bad effect on the market. The company complied with the demands of the German authorities, but its influence in the world of finance is still potent. The chairman of its finance committee, Mr. Geo. W. Perkins, is now a partner, and a very

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influential one, in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. The New York Life is thus closely identified with Morgan schemes and has, undoubtedly, profited materially through participation in underwriting business. Our insurance companies have developed into great institutions. Their sphere of activity is constantly broadening. It has been international for years. One of them has invested \$2,000,000 in choice real estate in Paris. Others hold large amounts of British consols, of German 4s and 3s, of French rentes and Russian 4s. As international financiers, our insurance companies bid fair to eclipse the reputation of the great Morgan before we have grown many years older. But it is not likely that such a roseate perspective will enthuse the policy holder. Neither is it likely to increase his confidence in the conservatism and stability of great life insurance companies. The average policy holder does not relish the idea that his premium money is being used in stock-jobbing, inflation and precarious underwriting schemes. It is understood that life insurance funds figured to a large extent in the floating of the United States Steel Corporation issues. The syndicate which stood sponsor for the big trust is estimated to have made a clean profit of 135 per cent on the transaction. So far, so good. But suppose the "deal" had ended in a different, that is, in an unprofitable manner. Suppose that a panic were to overtake the country at the present time and engulf Morgan, Harriman, Rockefeller, Gates and the rest of the "gang," together with their projects and consolidations and hundreds of millions of unsold securities! Were would the life insurance companies be then? Does any one think that they would be able to withdraw all their funds at the right time and emerge from the cataclysm unscathed? The answer obtrudes itself that the life insurance companies would be badly hit and, perhaps, wrecked altogether, according to the extent of their commitments. In view of the raising of storm signals of late, it would not be a bad idea for representative and responsible policy holders to make the mild suggestion to life insurance officials to draw in their horns as much as possible, and sever connection with everything financial or fiduciary that does not stand on *terra firma*. Viewing the whole matter broadly and sensibly, it cannot be said that the companies have any right whatever to venture into the maelstrom of speculation and underwriting. Life insurance companies can not be regarded as being entitled to transact a banking and brokerage business. They are entrusted with a vast amount of funds belonging to the people, which they are impliedly understood and expected to invest in a safe, legitimate manner, irrespective of what the returns of interest may be. If there are no safe securities to be had which yield 4 or 5 per cent, let the funds be invested in securities which yield 3 per cent. The business of life insurance is founded on safety, not on speculation or the market manipulation of stocks and bonds. But the trouble seems to be that the officials of our great life insurance companies are under the influence of the modern gambling spirit, that they are over-anxious to increase their business, to "break records," and that they consider themselves authorized to do anything and everything that their whims or greed or partialities may suggest toward the end of a big sensational "showing" of "business." Some of them bother their heads less about the interests of policy holders than the interest of Wall street. Some of them spend thousands of dollars every year in equipping luxurious offices and treat "insiders" to extravagant champagne banquets. Many officials of leading companies have "soft snaps," paying them very handsome

ly and affording them beautiful chances for taking "flyers" on the stock exchange and for hobnobbing with Wall street magnates. It is natural that the big \$60,000 per year presidents of the insurance companies should, in course of time, be led to think it might be a good thing to follow up their own "flyers" with "flyers" on the funds of the company. It is natural to expect that when our present peculiar prosperity "blows up," as it must, some of the securities in which the money of insurance companies are invested, will be found worthless. It is time that State Insurance Departments should begin to look into the abuses or the possibility of abuses of insurance company funds, which are usually funds in trust. The insurance companies are becoming too speculatively gay and they should be curbed before they do an irreparable harm to their policy holders. They raised a great howl when they thought free silver was going to ruin the policy holder, but not free silver itself is as dangerous to the policy holder as the gambling spirit recently manifested in some conspicuous investments by insurance companies formerly of conservative repute.



### St. Louis Needs Hotels

It is time for some of our capitalists to begin the erection of hotels to accommodate the increased number of visitors to the city. The hotels now are uncomfortably crowded, and the rush to the World's Fair city has not even begun. Unless new hotels are begun at once, there will be no accommodations for visitors when the Fair opens. If there are no accommodations for visitors, the Fair will be hurt by that fact. The people who come here will not want to sleep in "bum" boarding houses or on the streets or in vacant lots. If they are inconvenienced they will report the fact to their friends, warning them to keep away, and the warning will be heeded. Seeing a World's Fair is no easy task, and people who undertake it want a good place to sleep and eat. There has been too much conservatism on this hotel proposition in this town. There should be at least a dozen hotels under way by this time, but the moneyed men of this city don't like to take the risk that is involved in hotel ventures after the Fair. But if they don't want to take that risk why have a Fair? The local capitalists are evidently looking to Eastern capitalists to come here and build hotels, but if the local magnates have no faith in the hotel investment it is not to be expected that outsiders will have it. The delay in preparing for the housing of the people who will come to the Fair is one form of that procrastination which has been steadily characteristic of the management. It is a matter to which all the visitors to the city have been calling attention. President Carter, of the National World's Fair Commission, dwelt very emphatically on the matter, at the meeting of the Business Men's League, last Monday evening. His words were heartily applauded, but how many of those eminent business men who applauded are willing to make an investment in the hotel project? The dilatoriness in this matter is being made subject of comment in various important newspapers throughout the country, and that comment is not doing the Fair project any good in the localities in which those papers circulate. Lack of hotels means exorbitant charges and bad accommodation at that. The city can't afford to open a Fair in eighteen months and have no place to put the people. If there be not a plenty of hotels at the date of the opening of the Fair, the exposition will be damned in the public mind from the start. It is time for our local capitalists and real estate men to get a

move on themselves in this most important matter. They may be afraid to begin building because of the prevailing high prices of labor and building material, but prices for these commodities are not going to be lower before the Fair. They may go much higher. Therefore, the sooner the capitalists of St. Louis go in for the erection of the hotels that may be needed, the cheaper these hotels will be erected. There is no need that we should overdo the hotel business. There is, in fact, no fear that St. Louis will overdo the hotel business. Our conservatism will save us from that. But if our conservatism is to delay the erection of hotels any longer, the result will be fatal to the Fair, to say nothing of the added expensiveness of hotel erection when all of the necessary new hostelleries are begun upon at once. The "slump" after the Fair, so much feared by so many people, will be the more disastrous if delay makes the cost of construction greater. There are not enough hotels in St. Louis in ordinary times. There is a certainty that at least six more good sized caravansaries would prove profitable investments within at least two years. It is an equal certainty that at least a dozen hotels for the temporary World's Fair rush, erected at moderate expense and with consideration for moderate comfort and safety of guests, although with due regard for the temporary character of the business, would prove to be miniature gold mines. St. Louis needs more hotels. It needs them more every day. The time to begin providing them is now, because if they are not begun now they will not be ready in time for the gathering of the people in our city. Rush up the hotels. Don't wait for the outsider to come in and do it, for he won't do it, until he sees some evidence that St. Louisans have faith in the success of the Fair. Don't wait for the outsiders to take all the chances, anyhow, for if they take all the chances they will make all the money, and surely St. Louisans want to make a little money out of the Fair.



### Mr. Flad and Pure Water

In last week's *MIRROR* in an article on Water Commissioner Flad and a pure water supply, the language used concerning that gentleman and the innendo as to his interest in a filtration scheme for private gain were much too strenuous, much stronger than the writer intended they should be. Mr. Flad is an able engineer and an honest man, even if he does disagree with the *MIRROR* as to the merits of the Meramec Springs water supply. Mr. Flad is not in favor of a private filtration scheme. He is, as a last resort, in favor of the construction, for the city, under city control and supervision, and therefore, practically by the city, of a filtration plant along the lines of a certain company's patent. There is nothing wrong in Mr. Flad's position as stated. It does not derogate from his value as a high-minded, honorable public officer. All this in fairness to Mr. Flad, while the *MIRROR* still reserves the right to hold and to express the opinion that Mr. Flad's excessive devotion to the filtration fetish has been such as to prevent anything like a fair, unprejudiced presentation to the public of the merits of the Meramec scheme. Mr. Flad has hardly given the Meramec scheme a fair chance. He has, to the *MIRROR*'s thinking, garbled the evidence in its favor by distortion, suppression and sophistical tergiversation, and has prejudiced the community against the measure by condemning it practically before it was submitted. All this Mr. Flad has done quite honestly and under a strong sense of conviction of his scientific infallibility, to say nothing of his filial devotion, which makes him ad-

here to the opinions of his late father, Col. Henry Flad, who disapproved of the Meramec proposition many years ago on what must now be considered very insufficient data. The MIRROR differs very decidedly from Mr. Water Commissioner Flad, but it has no desire to insult or injure him politically, personally or professionally. *Et voila tout!*



## The Shipping Combine

Morgan's steamship combine has been incorporated in New Jersey. It will be known as the International Mercantile Marine Co., and include the Leyland, the Atlantic Transport, the American and Red Star, the White Star and the Dominion. Arrangements have been made which, it is believed, will minimize the dangers of competition, and lead to an equal division of traffic between the new trust and the two large German lines, the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd. According to terms entered into, the Morgan combine has pledged itself to pay to the German lines 6 per cent annually on at least \$5,000,000, while the latter have promised to hand over a portion of their annual dividends to the trust. Judging from the nature of the agreement, it is self-evident that Morgan was afraid of the German lines and eager to prevent rate-cutting at any price, for his combine has practically guaranteed an annual subsidy of about \$300,000 to the two aggressive rivals, while the latter are bound to carry out their part of the agreement only when they consider it advisable to pay dividends upon their shares. In other words, the trust has guaranteed something in consideration of a vague promise. Like everything else that has been under the shaping influence of Morgan, the International Mercantile Marine Co. is endowed with a big capitalization. There is \$120,000,000 stock, half common and half preferred. The preferred is entitled to 6 per cent annual cumulative dividends. In addition to the stock, there are \$75,000,000 of 4½ per cent bonds to be provided for, so that the total capitalization is \$195,000,000. This is certainly a very substantial amount. Will the shipping trust be able to take care of its interest and preferred dividends? Efforts will undoubtedly be made to make a good showing for a few years at least and to pay interest and preferred dividends regularly until "insiders" have gotten rid of their stock and bonds. The trust is heavily over-capitalized. It would be hazardous to assert that tangible assets are worth more than \$75,000,000. Many of the ships are old-fashioned, and it is reasonable to expect that there will be continued improvement in ocean service. The two German lines are spending millions for new ships of the best and most modern type. Will the trust be able to keep step with them, without borrowing new working capital or resorting, like the United States Steel Corporation, to schemes involving a conversion of preferred shares into mortgage-bonds? It is likely that the promoters still have the secret hope that the United States government will grant them subsidies. During the last session of Congress the Frye subsidy bill passed the Senate, but struck a snag in the House, where it is still pending, and where it may be expected to be called up for consideration during the December session. Whether the bill will ever become a law is extremely doubtful. Popular sentiment is radically opposed to it. It will never tolerate anything that calls for annual grants, out of the Federal treasury, to shipping monopolies. The drift of political opinion is away from paternalism. Morgan and his clique have missed their opportunity; they have failed to find and to grasp the psychological moment. No amount of specious reasoning will convince intelligent Americans that

the development and future of our merchant-marine depends on subsidies. Advocates of the Frye bill have persistently made the assertion that the flourishing condition of the German lines is due to the grants from the imperial government. According to authoritative information given to the *New York Evening Post*, however, neither the Hamburg-American nor the North German Lloyd receives any subsidy at all on North Atlantic trade. Now, if the Germans are able, in the absence of subsidy payments, to establish the best and swiftest ocean service in the world, why should not Americans be able to do as well without aid from the Federal treasury? Is there any logical reason why an "infant-industry" like the shipping trust, with a capital of almost \$200,000,000, should be the recipient of bounties from the Government? If the American merchant-marine is unable to hold its own without subsidies, it will be unable to do so with them. The Hanna-Frye-Morgan clique should try something else.



## A Significant Symptom

BUSINESS has always been business, but in these days it is often something more. It may take on the attributes of philanthropy, or, at least, it casts off the heartlessness which was wont to characterize it of old. The Mercantile Trust Company, of this city, has recently given an illustration of the tendency referred to and introduced a novel feature into the social and political economy of the real estate business in connection with the sale of its Southampton subdivision near Tower Grove Park. The property is sold on time payments, but each contract of sale contains a clause which expressly insures the purchaser against the loss to his family, or other heirs of the property, in the event of his death. If, after any one or more payments have been made, the purchaser should die, all remaining notes for the rest of the purchase price are canceled by the company. This is unique, but it is in line with progressive business principles. It is generous, but it will be found profitable to the whole city in the long run. It is a powerful inducement to people of moderate income to build their own homes upon their own land. It lifts a great load from the mind of the man who makes his first investment in a home. It means that if the worst happens to the purchaser, the little house and lot will not be taken from the wife and bairns. As a form of life insurance, an investment in a Southampton lot would seem to commend itself with the full force of the argument in favor of an endowment policy. It is a form of prudence that cannot be too much encouraged. That it adds a strong factor of safety to the real estate investment of the young man is beyond all question. There is, therefore, much more than novelty in the proposition of the Mercantile Trust Company. There is thought and kindness and helpfulness, that helps others to help themselves, behind it. It shows where even the so-called unsentimentality of business is being mitigated by an enlightened altruism which is, in the end, synonymous with an enlightened self-interest. The proposition shows that the better spirit of the age is working most forcefully in the most progressive business institutions, that a certain form of radical altruism is making its way and establishing the fact that there is no necessary dissidence between brotherhood and the honorable methods of barter and exchange, in the most conservative business concerns of the country. The Mercantile Trust Company isn't quite "a soulless corporation," as this plan of real estate selling amply proves, and yet it is a strictly business houses. The Southampton proposition is a social and business and political symptom of the times, and it is not improbable

that it will make a mark in the history of social development in this country.



## Local Democratic Sense

REFORM has come to stay, for a while at least, in the local Democratic party. The reform elements have succeeded in inducing the members of the Democratic caucus to remove from the slate the names of Edward A. Noonan and one or two others who were objectionable to the enthusiastic supporters of Circuit Attorney Folk and Mayor Wells in their crusade for a moral cleansing of St. Louis. Without saying that the men pulled off were bad men, it may be admitted that there was enough sentiment based upon the assumption or conviction that they were "unfit" to justify the argument that their retention upon the slate would imperil the success of an otherwise excellent ticket. It would have been unwise to have insisted upon one or two men when by so doing a dozen superior men might have been defeated. The party managers have shown discretion in listening to the appeals of the reformers. Just now the public mind is not in a condition to tolerate the candidacy of any man supposed, however empirically, to be lacking in sympathy with the efforts being made to put an end to boodling. The action of the caucus in harkening to the independent Democratic element in St. Louis, will help the Democrats in the State; that is, if the Democrats need any help against such a blunderful opposition as the Republicans have presented within the last three months. The local Democratic ticket should sweep the town by a tremendous majority next month, for the simple reason that it is superior as a whole, and in every part, to the Republican ticket, and, because it is formed on the basis of standing by Mayor Wells and Circuit Attorney Folk.



## New York's Election

THE New York Democrats cannot win in the coming election. Coler, candidate for Governor, is a straddler. He was made by Tammany, then turned upon the Tiger. He is a Wall street man who talks socialistic guff. But the thing that will surely beat New York's Democracy is the plank in the platform favoring governmental ownership of the mines. That out-Bryans Bryan. It is beyond both the Chicago and Kansas City platforms upon which New York spat viciously. Besides all this, Governor Odell, renominated by the Republicans, has been a good officer in every way. New York will go Republican with both feet and hands.



## "LAZARRE"

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY

THE large and enthusiastic audiences which have greeted Mr. Otis Skinner in "Lazarre" at the Century are undoubtedly sincere in their expressions of approval of play and players. They seem to have been pleased with both. That may be all-sufficient with most actors and managers, but I do not believe that Mr. Skinner is one of those who measures his achievements wholly by ephemeral plaudits and box-office balances. He has been so diligent a student, so painstaking an actor, so generous in the investitures of plays, that one cannot fail of sympathy with him, even if he were not the best emotional actor in America to-day.

I believe he is that. I think he is endowed by nature and fitted by temperament to surpass and domi-

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nate our stage in the portraiture of emotional and heroic characters of history and romance. I am sure that he has the keenest and surest appreciation of the functions, requirements and possibilities of the actor's art. But, if I were to sum up an estimate of his shortcomings, I should say that he seems to take it for granted that his audiences know nothing of the fine points of acting expression. There is something pedagogical about his playing. His elocution is over-perfect, as if he feared that some sentence, some word, some accent, some fine shade of meaning, innuendo or color would escape his hearers. When I hear him I always feel that a pianola is at work on a grand piano. There is too much technique, too much detail, too much exactness, too much perfection of tone phrasing, articulation, breathing, posture, gesture, posing, modeling, to admit of the pleasing illusion that he is the character which he would portray.

If I have succeeded in expressing my notion of Mr. Skinner's chief fault, I would hasten to say that it is not one that is natural to him. He has acquired what I may call this excess of theatrical technique within the past few years. I believe it is due to his mixture of the activities of both manager and actor. I am told that he trains his own players, and, I am free to say, that they have all the advantages of the exchange. We who saw him in the old days of the Booth-Barrett combination, or later as Modjeska's leading player, can remember that he had then none of this painful excess of elocutionizing and gesticulating. He retains all the grace, vigor, comeliness, tenderness and passion of his natural gifts, but he has over-accentuated all these media of expression with an insistent eye, ear and hand for details that may do very well in a School of Acting, but plays the very devil with a finished and convincing method of good art. He has veneered his methods with a kind of academical shellac that may, and I believe does, titillate the senses of the mob, but stands palpably and persistently in the way of his ultimate and enduring success as a great actor.

The same bale fate has overtaken many good painters, musicians, sculptors and writers: an ultra zeal for detail, a hindering fear that some of the dull may miss "a fine point," exaggerated painstaking, excess of caution. These also were the admirable faults which always kept that most scholarly of all our actors, Lawrence Barrett, from scaling the parapet of genuine greatness. Edwin Booth's genius has none of the didactic, hair-splitting, dictatorial and almost compulsory direction of Mr. Barrett's methods. Barrett furnished a diagram with every passage in which he was a factor. He had always his eye and ear toward the mob. Booth saw not, heard not the mob. He only saw and heard and was the man whose spirit, whose garments and whose name enveloped him for the time. It is but fair to assume that Barrett's long career as a manager and director of stage people and stage business had much to do with those mannerisms and methods which clung to him during his whole brilliant career.

But if he continues to stage and manage his own productions, to persist in the business of play-writing and adaptation, Mr. Skinner will easily achieve a fame, a fortune and a limitation of the same sort and scope as those attained by Mr. Barrett. It would be hard to find in this country another man who could have made as much of Mrs. Catherwood's novel, "Lazarre," as Mr. Skinner has made. The evidence of expert and finished "stage managing" are all over it. Improbable and even impossible scenes, glossed and glamourized by an eternity of words in the novel, are almost managed into verisimilitude in the play. I cannot imagine a more

inane, purposeless, "footless" hero than *Lazarre*, who is energized neither by the innate and vaulting ambition of a royal Frenchman, nor prompted by the vindictive and relentless passion for reprisal which is characteristic of the North American red man. Indeed, he is no hero at all, for there is no place in the piece in which his will is pitted against necessity or in which his motives, purposes or passions rise above the paltry stimuli of commonplace whim, vanity and selfishness. And yet, influenced by Mr. Skinner's strikingly beautiful person, his whirlwind elocution and his tumult of genuinely emotional power, you are likely to get as far as the Olive street cars after the play before it suddenly dawns upon you that the actor had been trying terribly hard to make a demi-god out of a "dub," or worse yet, to galvanize a lay-figure into nearly three hours of hysterical and wholly purposeless life.

It is too bad that Maude Durbin has been compelled to make her re-entrance to the stage under conditions so wholly impossible for serious consideration. She is one of the sweetest, most womanly, most winning personalities our stage has known for a long time and I believe that, given the right opportunities, she would attain surpassing eminence as the interpreter of many of the tenderest and most melancholy characters in dramatic literature. It has been a long, long time, even before her temporary retirement, since we have seen Miss Durbin "well cast," so to speak, and now she returns to us only as a beautiful, but lifeless, marionette in a piece in which the scenes are all hand-painted and the *dramatis personæ* all automatic.

If Otis Skinner were a less considerable figure in the dramatic life of to-day, it would be idle or unkind, or both, thus to venture personal opinions of his plays and playing that may seem harsh and almost cruel. But his native endowments are so marked and prodigal of noble possibilities and his past performances have been so full of splendid promise that the fair-minded observer, who is almost as anxious for his success as he is himself, is likely to fume and rage when realizing the obstructive and unnecessary influences which seem to have temporarily deranged this actor's once certain appreciation of true dramatic art. I wish he'd quit stage-managing, and training companies, and financing, and adapting and putting about, be it never so intelligently and industriously.



### RELIEVING WALL STREET

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE

**M**R. LESLIE M. SHAW, Secretary of the Federal Treasury, has knuckled under to Wall street. He has permitted himself to be intimidated by stock-jobbers and syndicate-bankers. He has taken steps that can in no sense be considered wise or called for to relieve an artificial money stringency. His change of attitude is surprising, in view of the firmness which he has all along displayed, and his persistent refusal to renew bond purchases at ridiculously inflated quotations. Mr. Shaw is a capable and intelligent man. He is presumed to be strictly honest and thoroughly courageous. Nobody has any doubt that his knowledge of Wall street and its methods is neither amateurish nor superficial. Neither can it be doubted that he knows perfectly well what Wall street is after and what it has been doing all along.

The question is, therefore, pertinent: what induced Mr. Shaw to reverse his previous policy and lend a willing ear to Wall street demands? As we cannot question his sincerity of purpose, we must necessarily conclude that he became rattled, when money-rates shot

up to 35 per cent and securities began to slide down rapidly on the stock exchange. The antics of Wall street frightened him, and fixed the notion in his head that it was really the imperative duty of the Government to "do something" to help stock-jobbers out of a bad hole. For weeks and weeks, Treasury officials made it clear to the public, and did not cease to reiterate, that the money market was in sound condition, that there was no scarcity of funds except in Wall street, and that Government action was not in order or warranted. Every person of average intelligence agreed with these official statements and views of the situation, and applauded Mr. Shaw and his subordinates for the resolute stand they had taken against the brow-beating tactics of the syndicates.

There are many now who congratulate the Secretary upon his sagacity (?) in relieving the money market so effectively and promptly. Wall street is in extraordinary good humor on account of its victory. Morgan, who is constantly paraded before us as the bitterest enemy of the Administration, seems to enjoy his position to the utmost, has improved the opportunity in his customary characteristic manner, and signalized his confidence in the wisdom of Mr. Shaw's new fiscal policy by sending a hurry-up order to Trenton, N. J., instructing his lawyers to file articles of incorporation for the International Shipping Combine.

Morgan recognized the importance of Mr. Shaw's action. He had carried his point, and hastened to profit by it. It is not likely that he contributed very largely to the Democratic campaign fund, after incorporating his gigantic ocean monopoly. It must have been an extraordinarily broad grin that lit up Morgan's countenance, when he received the news that Mr. Shaw had let down the barriers and told the depositary banks that they would not be required hereafter to hold a reserve against United States deposits, because such deposits are amply protected without a reserve, and the Government does not intend to recall them. Mr. Morgan also appreciated the news that the Secretary had let it be known that he will henceforth permit the National banks to put up other security than Federal bonds against deposits of public funds.

Wall street has conquered. It has forced Mr. Shaw to stultify himself, to violate the Acts of Congress, and to render syndicates and cliques effective aid in resuming stock inflation upon a large scale. But the Secretary may console himself with the thought that some of his predecessors were as "easy" in their dealings with Wall street as he is now. Mr. Gage, his immediate predecessor in office, could be "worked" any old day, whenever stock-jobbers threatened to do something "real mean." How queer it is that our Secretaries of the Treasury fall so readily victims to the wiles and threats of the stock-exchange fraternity!

Wall street has once more been "relieved." Its path is clear again, for a few months at least. These Federal relief expeditions are great things. They threaten to become as chronic as Arctic relief expeditions. After a while, the relieving business will have to be resumed. Mr. Shaw's prophetic mind undoubtedly foresees it. But has he devised any ways and means as yet, for meeting the next Wall street emergency? Does he know of any further means of relieving a monetary stringency in Wall street? The majority of the people of this country—that is to say, Morgan and his cliques—are pausing for a reply. They would like to know what Mr. Shaw intends to do the next time? Perhaps the hard-worked and hard-pressed Secretary of the Treasury does not know himself what he is going to do. Perhaps he will be

unable to do anything at all the next time interest rates gyrate around 35 or 50 per cent. Perhaps—but what is the use of raising all these “ifs” and “perhapses?” Wall street is “relieved” for a few long months. That is enough. Much can be accomplished within a few months. Morgan may be able to work wonders between now and spring. He may succeed in “unloading” all his “stuff,” in unconsolidating his consolidations, and then invite the hills and mountains to overwhelm us all.

But there is no need to be gloomy about this, or to make dire predictions. When our dear Uncle Russell Sage is again lending money at 35 per cent we may be able to induce Mr. Shaw to accept the notes of dead-beats and beautifully engraved certificates of mining stocks, of the par value of 50 cents a share, as security against circulation and public deposits. There are glorious times ahead for all of us, glorious times, indeed.



### NO TRANSIENT GUEST

BY JOHN WINWOOD

THE Man fingered the violets in his buttonhole and smiled and sighed; then as he caught sight of the small figure on the other side of the hearth, he started.

“Upon my word!” he said. “I thought I was quite alone. Where did you come from?”

“Don’t pretend you didn’t expect me,” said the Boy. “The door was wide open; that is, it was only held by a prejudice and a habit or two—practically the same thing.”

“You seem to be very sure of yourself,” said the Man, “and certainly your face is a bit familiar. But I am quite sure that I have never before had the pleasure of seeing you. Would you mind telling me your name?”

The Boy tip-toed to his side and whispered softly in his ear.

“No!” cried the Man. “Is it possible? They always said you would come some day, but I gave up expecting you long ago. May I ask what brought you here now?”

“Is she,” the Boy inquired suddenly, “the most gloriously beautiful woman you ever imagined could exist?”

“Well—no,” the man admitted, grudgingly.

“Has she the most exquisite grace, the keenest wit, the whitest hand, the softest hair you have ever known?”

“Well—er—not exactly,” said the Man.

“Then,” said the Boy, “why are you always striving to be constantly near her? Why do you dream of her by night and think of her by day?”

“Really, I—I don’t know,” said the Man, stupidly.

The Boy laughed. “Well, if you can’t explain a little thing like that,” he said, “how in the world do you expect me to account for my being here? You must simply take me for granted.”

The Man looked at him, curiously. “Though we meet for the first time,” he said, “your face is strangely familiar. Surely, I have seen someone you remind me of.”

The boy grinned. “Two summers ago at Bar Harbor?” He inquired.

The Man blushed. “Bah! Mere infatuation,” he cried.

“Certainly,” said the Boy; “we are often taken for each other; simply a family resemblance.”

The Man looked about him, doubtfully. “I don’t wish to be rude,” he said, “but now that you are

here, may I ask, have you any idea how long you intend to stay?”

“Indefinitely,” said the Boy. “I am not the transient guest others of my family are.”

“I don’t know where you’re going to sleep,” grumbled the Man.

“I never sleep,” said the Boy, “I am troubled with insomnia.”

“Then you’ll probably keep me awake, too,” complained the Man.

“Undoubtedly,” assented the Boy, cheerfully,

“I imagine you’re going to be a bit of a nuisance,” said the Man. “Now, see here; let us come to an understanding. You’re not bad company for a quiet evening like this, say; but I can’t have you running about my office and mixing up the books and fooling with the ticker. I haven’t time for you there, understand?”

The Boy laughed, wickedly. “Make me stay home, if you can,” he said. “Oh, I’ll be bothersome now and again; for instance, why don’t you go to that little supper down-town to-night? They’re expecting you; it’s after twelve.”

“I trust I know the courtesy due a guest,” said the Man, stiffly. “I can’t leave you here alone, can I?”

“Why not take me with you?” said the Boy.

The Man winced. “Lord, no!” He cried.

“I’m afraid I’ll keep you at home a great deal,” said the Boy, politely.

“I dare say,” said the Man, gloomily.

He paced the room thoughtfully a moment, frowning; then he turned to the Boy. “I’m going to be quite frank,” he said, “and, perhaps, discourteous; but, as you yourself said, you were neither invited nor expected.”

“The door was open,” said the Boy.”

“That has nothing to do with it,” said the Man; “a mere chance. And I feel I must, I simply must ask you to go. I really haven’t room for you, or time for you; I have made no preparation for you. If you come back later, say in a year or so—”

“You really wish me to go?” asked the Boy, doubtfully.

The man looked at his watch. “I’m late for my engagement as it is,” he said.

The Boy rose and made a step toward the door. “You’ll miss me when you come back,” he whispered.

“Possibly,” said the man,

“The room will be empty when I go—you know it was before I came,” said the Boy.

“One can always have friends,” said the Man.

“I am the only one who never becomes a bore,” said the Boy, “and in the evenings when you come from the club, it’ll be lonesome here by the fire, and when you are walking by the sea on a blue afternoon, say, or watching the moon rise—”

“I have done all those things without you,” said the Man, undecidedly.

“Ah, you had never known me then!” said the Boy. “There will be a difference now.”

He reached the threshold and looked at the Man wistfully, over his shoulder. “I can never come again, you know,” he said.

“Oh, I say,” said the Man, uneasily; “don’t go like that. Come back just a minute.”

“It’s eternity or nothing,” said the Boy, brokenly. His eyes were like blue pansies in a May rain. “Good-bye,” he said, hopelessly. “You must always remember you sent me away yourself.”

“I’m damned if I have!” cried the Man, suddenly. He shot out a long arm to the Boy’s shoulder. “Here, come back, come back, do you hear? you miserable, adorable little nuisance! Upon my word I can’t let you go, after all. Come here!”

He sank into the big chair before the fire and drew the Boy closely into the curve of his arm.

“There, little chap, cheer up,” he said. “Let’s be cozy. What do you think of—er—her eyes, eh?”

From September Smart Set



### THOMAS HARDY’S WOMEN

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERAS

THOMAS HARDY occupies the same place in modern imaginative literature that Sophocles does in dramatic literature. The English novelist’s characters, especially his women, are the mere playthings of an inscrutable Fate; fine instruments on which Destiny, in her infinite sweeps, pipes a major or a minor and then flings to the cosmic rubbish heap. Neither Hardy nor Sophocles has formulated a theory of causation. Life is a series of accidental relations; effects proceed from causes, not because this cause must produce that effect, but because the gods have willed that this or that shall come to pass. To understand Hardy’s women we must see them in their relations to his conception of the gods that rule our destinies. Each one of his books is a labyrinthine arterial system, and if we should cut a woman from his pages and attempt to consider her as an isolated personage, the book would bleed to death.

Hardy stands rooted in his age, as Sophocles did in his. Differences in apprehending the same broad principles that govern life are superficial differences merely. Hardy is Sophocles emancipated. A modern of moderns, the Englishman was caught in the very center of the nineteenth century intellectual activity, and the waters of many streams have flowed into the deep of his thought. The last was a century of brilliant generalizations in science, of daring philosophic conceptions; a brooding, introspective century, beginning with “Childe Harold,” “Rene” and “Werther,” and ending with Tolstoi and Ibsen; a century that produced, on one hand, those prophets of spiritual chaos, Schopenhauer and Amiel, and on the other the Emersonian paeon and the sublime vision of unending progress glimpsed in the “Synthetic Philosophy” of Herbert Spencer. From this tangle Hardy has drawn the most mournful conclusions. A blind, omnipotent, non-moral force sways the affairs of men. Fate, to which the Greeks, truckling to the grosser symbols of the current polytheistic belief, gave a local habitation and a name, in the Englishman’s pages, goes unswathed, unnamed, unnamable; dwells in infinite spaces, nowhere, everywhere. She is subtle, unappeasable, and rules with a knout. She strikes down here and upraises there. The individual is nothing. Law flows, and the human debris flows with it.

In the “Mayor of Casterbridge” this conception of Destiny, of the nothingness of man and of the utter indifference to human affairs of the powers on high is worked out with supreme art. In the writer’s opinion, it holds the same place in fiction that the Oedipus does in dramatic literature. Nemesis, chance, disillusion are the reigning thoughts in this great book. There are no “bad” characters. From the history of Michael Henchard and those involved with him in the mesh of pain woven by the blind powers we rise in a fury against the forces that dominate our lives. The present

## The Mirror

presents itself to us as an endless past, where dwells a Gorgon, the Irrevocable. The clanking of the chains that bind is heard. Life smells musty. Actions are mere fungi. *Henchard* is a good man, as the world goes. For a fault committed in youth while drunk he is hounded through the years by an unappeasable Nemesis, who works a vengeance out of all proportion to the offense. Each action but the more completely insures his ruin. The Furies pluck him from place and power, roll him in the dust, lash him into shreds. The man he befriended overthrows him in business and marries the woman he loves. His imagined fatherhood is denied him at the moment of his greatest paternal felicity. In his old age, despised, neglected, driven from the town, a gibe and byword, he dies alone, cursing himself and all his ways. Yet this man was upright and feared God. Fate broods over all. Everything is orderly. Event proceeds from event. Trivial actions are freighted with tragic consequences. But there is never a moment when *Henchard* could have arrested his doom. To do so would have required free will and omniscience. And in Hardy's view man has neither.

Into this web of chance his women take their logical places. They never dominate. Their lives are ordered for them. They are stray angels in bonds, who stand forever in mortal fear of losing their reputations. Social law is everywhere in conspiracy against their souls. They are fickle and disloyal, but of necessity. To be loved is woman's one aspiration, and she is carried along on the stream of her impulses with slight regard for the object of her desire. Physical propinquity is sufficient to arouse her emotions. *Elfrida Swancourt*, in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," loves four men in rapid succession, and her disloyalty troubles her very little. Like almost all of Hardy's womankind, she is in love with love, not with her lover. She is a female *Edgar Fitzpiers*, the hero in "The Woodlanders," who loves three women at one time. Yet for all *Elfrida's* vacillations, she is a beautiful creature, a true woman, sinned against by the gods, but never sinning.

It follows logically that Hardy sees no distinction between "good" and "bad" men and women. These adjectives express relations, not things. Viewed from the standpoint of ultimate consequences, a bad action may be good. There is a germ of evil in all things good. Moral principles are a matter of time, place and circumstance merely. All virtues are exquisite vices; all vices, virtues performed at an unpropitious moment. A "good" woman is a legal fiction—a legislative invention. There are good or evil circumstances; no good or evil women. *Tess* is "a portrait of a pure woman." She was seduced twice; the first time because of her ignorance, the second because her family needed bread. In the second instance the dilemma is clear-cut: Was she to send her family to the devil or go herself? She chose herself. If this was not a "good"—nay, sublime—action, then we must recast the sacrificial code. What judgment, Hardy inferentially asks, shall we pass upon the Power that picks out these women with the brittle souls, these vessels of emotion, and damns them with their very virtues?

Woman is the supreme illusion. She beckons to a divine world, and in trying to attain it men waste their lives and build the house of pain. This disillusionizing spirit is everywhere rampant in the *Wessex* novels. Humanity never attains. In the morning of life we dress for a feast. But it is a perpetual postponement. In the evening of life we sup on the memory of what might have been. We are stripped of our last few rags and

prepared for the tomb. In that remarkable, but little-read book, "The Well-Beloved," the whole mechanism of illusion is laid bare. A man is doomed to pursue for sixty years the Ideal which he believes resides in woman. It leads him from form to form. As he is about to clasp it, it darts away and embodies itself otherwise and beckons him on again. Release from the anguish of everlasting pursuit comes only with the extinguishing of all passion; when the intellect, released from the slavery of the imagination, emerges in a calm survey of its feverish and futile past.

The trivial and incidental often decide the fate of the heroines of the Hardy novels. I say "trivial" and "incidental." But to the seer these words have no meaning. In real life there are no worked-up climaxes, few dramatic moments. These latter, when they do occur, are often trivial, and of less importance in the evolution of character, than ordinary events, unnoticed and disregarded. In "A Pair of Blue Eyes" it is not the episode of the elopement of *Elfrida* and her lover in itself that wrecks the lives of three principal characters. It is an incident connected with the episode. In "The Return of the Native" it is *Eustacia Vye's* momentary indecision in opening the door to let in her husband's mother which causes the death of that personage, the suicide of *Eustacia*, the death of her lover, and changes the subsequent career of the central male character. A woman's mischievous prank, innocent in itself, in "Far from the Madding Crowd" sets in motion forces which culminate in murder and insanity. Even in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" the climax is incidental—a mere culmination of things gone before, the momentary incarnation of the spirit of the drama.

His men and women thus stand forever in the shadow of an impending doom. The trifles that make up the day's round insinuate, hint of coming things. Appeal is made to the imagination of the reader. Unity of mass there is always, but it is for you to grasp. A few swift touches; you must infer the rest. Yet your inferences will be infallible. This foreboding prevision is incarnated in *Eustacia Vye*, the heroine in "The Return of the Native," Hardy's most remarkable feminine creation.

The opening chapter is a description of Egdon Heath which for sheer power has never been excelled in English literature. This stretch of land, cursed of God, grim, and breathing, doom in all its aspects, assails the mind of the reader like a live thing and settles down on him like an incubus of the night. He wonders if the sun will rise on the morrow; whether spring will come again. The dark hollows on this heath rise at twilight to clasp the engulfing night, as though it had a hatred of light. In the daytime things stand out spectre-gray. The thickets are tangled blight, the roads highways of care. Against this Rembrandt-like background rises the figure of *Eustacia Vye*, who lives an almost solitary life in the very center of Egdon. The child of faded worth, breathing a Byronic despair, demanding all things, inconstant, imperious in her beauty, she but escapes from one set of hostile circumstances to fall into the jaws of another. In the nature of things, she can never be happy. Her mind is a center of centrifugal forces; she is ever darting away from a welding center. She is one with the heath that is her home, and a child of a century that did not find its spiritual aliment. She is self-slain. Yet upon her the feeling reader will set the seal of his pity. She did not will her nature into being. She is a victim—one of the non-adaptables. She came from afar, and the waters of Lethe had not fully submerged her

before her entry here. *Eustacia Vye* is the exception among Hardy's women. They are all born renunciants perforce. But *Eustacia* was a spiritual Amazon. She preferred quiescence to acquiescence,

It is thus that Hardy's women are woof and warp of his thought. They are nothing in themselves. They are merely corks on a current. Like his great Greek prototype, this seer and bringer of grim tidings surveys mankind and womankind from his imaginative height and delivers judgment. It is better not to be. Impotent days pass into tearful nights and all life is a vexation. Overhead is the vast dome of grisly nature; beneath, insects that crawl to their appointed doom. Ruling both, an implacable Fate, that neither chastens nor brutalizes, but forever scourges.

From the October Bookman.



## MILICENT AND THE DOCTOR

BY R. C. M'DONALD

**M**ISS MILICENT HARCOURT, (her real name was Jane Smith) of the Manhattan Opera Company, was undeniably troubled. Her eyebrows were drawn together in a frown which quite spoiled the artistic arch she had so delicately penciled, and she had sucked in and bitten her lip so often that its carefully outlined rosebud effect was absolutely ruined. However, she was a pretty thing, with youth and health to her credit, so the slight disarrangement of her artificial charms, and the woeful aspect of her frowning countenance did not detract very greatly from her beauty.

She was gazing abstractedly at a paper on which were many figures, which paper she at last threw from her pettishly, with an exclamation hardly suitable to so angelic looking a person. Millicent was indeed very sweet to look upon. Her hair was golden (and it was all her own natural hair); her eyes were large and blue, that innocent baby-blue which is so deceptively touching; her skin was clear and fair and, all told, she looked pathetically and prettily childish.

"Whatever shall I do?" she muttered, "I must do something about it, but what? There's Teddy and Jack and Tom! Bah! They can't do anything and I know it."

Once again she fell into reverie, from which she suddenly emerged with a sunshiny, roguish smile dimpling her fair face.

"Just the thing," she cooed delightedly, "the doctor is the very one; he is a little old-fashioned and a trifle dignified, but he has loads of money and he asked me last night to go to dinner with him. I rather like him, too, though he gives me the shivers sometimes. He always looks as if he were studying you, and he makes me feel as if he were just ready to cut me up and sew me together again. But I don't care," she laughed, gaily, "these middle-aged men are easier to handle, in some ways, than young men. Well, now, what shall I say? Let me see, I'll bet he is conceited about his knowledge of human nature—most men are."

"DEAR DOCTOR JONES:

"You asked me, last night, to dine with you. I do not see why so learned and dignified a person as you should wish to take frivolous little me to dinner, but, do you know, I shall be delighted to go. I am so tired of the frothy nothingness of the boys I see about here that I shall really enjoy talking to a man.

"You seem to know so much about life that it is always interesting to be with you and to hear you talk. So if you will take me, to-morrow night, to Cherry's, which I like because it is so Bohemian, I know I shall enjoy it immensely."

"Sincerely yours,

Millicent Harcourt.

"There," she gurgled, "if that doesn't tickle his

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vanity I do not know men! I know it always pleases a young man to be told that he has had much experience of life. I should think it would be all the more pleasing to the man who really has had some experience!"

Millicent was by no means a fool; and the Doctor, who was not a fool either, was more pleased on reading the letter than he would willingly admit, even to himself.

It may have been, as Millicent intimated, that the Doctor was only interested in studying her, but he seemed to enjoy the sensation of dining with a pretty girl. True, he would have preferred some other place than Cherry's, which was not quite up to his fastidious standard; but Cherry's dinners were fair and his wines excellent, so if the place suited Millicent it would not displease him.

The cocktails had been served, and while Millicent was slowly sipping hers—the Doctor had taken his at a gulp—the waiter approached with an envelope, which he held out to Millicent.

"What is it?" said that lady, gazing abstractedly at the cherry in her glass.

"It is Madame's bill, which the proprietor requests shall be paid."

The Doctor's face flushed red with indignation, and Millicent's blue eyes filled with sudden tears of mortification.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the Doctor in a low, angry voice, anxious to escape the attention of the other diners.

"I only know," wailed Millicent softly, "I have no money to pay it with!" And she dabbed her handkerchief into her eyes.

The Doctor swore savagely under his breath, for now every one in the dining-room was interested in the unusual procedure, and if there was one thing the Doctor hated it was to be stared at.

"How much is the bill?" he demanded.

"Forty dollars, sir;" was the answer.

The Doctor gazed sharply at Millicent, but that young lady was buried in her handkerchief and gave no sign. The Doctor did not happen to have that

amount with him and bit his lips in vexation, then said:

"Give me the bill, I will attend to it to-morrow. You know me, and so does Mr. Cherry."

The waiter bowed obsequiously and departed, after handing over the envelope.

"Oh, I can't let you pay that bill!" said Millicent, emerging from her handkerchief. "The idea," she pouted, "of presenting me a bill so publicly, I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither did I," said the Doctor, dryly.

"Well, I can't let you pay it, anyway. It was awfully nice of you to offer and so get me out of the scrape! What a little fool I was to run up such a bill anyway; but I'll get around to it some time," and she smiled brightly on her *vis-a-vis*.

"Let us say no more about it. I have agreed to attend to it and that settles it. We will only spoil our dinner and that I will not stand for."

The Doctor was a philosopher and had learned how to accept the inevitable. He had not quite made up his mind about the episode, but temporarily had laid it away in his mind, on a well-stored shelf, which was marked "Experience." Later, he would examine it more closely and give it what he would decide to be the proper label. Now, the enjoyment of the dinner was the most pressing affair.

¶

When the doctor was alone again, he examined the envelope and found the bill. With it was a letter which he read with cynical interest:

"DEAR MR. CHERRY:

"I expect to dine at your place to-night with a friend. If you will have the waiter present me with my bill (of course saying nothing about this letter), I shall have great pleasure in seeing that you receive your money."

"Sincerely yours, Millicent Harcourt."

"By Jove," said the Doctor, "she is clever! But what an ass Cherry was to make the mistake of putting the letter in with the bill!" Then his face flushed again at the memory of the scene of last night.

By the next mail Millicent received the bill—and her letter—with a note from the Doctor saying that he

could not think of depriving her of the pleasure she anticipated in settling the account.

The episode ended with two notes:

"DOCTOR JONES:

"You are a lobster, and no gentleman!"

M. H."

"DEAR MISS HAROURT:

"You are a peach, and a lady—of the chorus!"

R. J."

From Town Talk



## THE OLD GODS

BY GRANT HERVEY

WHEN the good old gods are dead,  
Go they down to fields of rest  
Where they lay each hoary head  
On some sweet, soft-tinted breast.  
In the meadows of the West  
Drowse they by the smiling sea;  
Old and happy—oft caressed,  
Dreaming out Eternity.

All their days are comforted  
With Love's eager alkhest;  
Soft and low the moments tread  
Where the good old gods are pressed  
In a sweet, white-bosom'd nest.  
List'ning to some melody  
Lie the gods all overtressed,  
Dreaming out Eternity.

Rose-and-vine-leaf chapleted,  
Kissed by crimson lips a-quest;  
Venus' dingle for their bed—  
Tasting favors sweetly blest  
'Neath the headland's purple crest  
In a blinking reverie—  
Done with Life's old palimpsest—  
Dreaming out Eternity

ENVOI

O, ye gods, that still with zest  
Rule this planet—pray that ye  
May 'mid bosoms pearllest  
Dream out your Eternity!



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**MR. NORMAN'S "RUSSIA."**

Russia is the problem of modern international politics. There is ever-increasing anxiety as to the plans of the Czar's government. European diplomats are fully aware of the extent and significance of Russian ambitions on the Balkan peninsula and in Asia, but they are unable to agree in their forecasts as to how and when attempts may be made to bring these ambitions to materialization. Russia may be said to be the *bête noire* of British, English and Austrian statesmen. Even America is becoming aroused over Russian designs upon Manchuria and the rapid growth of Russian influence at Peking. The political sphere of the Northern Bear is expanding without interruption. "In world-wide affairs, wherever you turn, you see Russia; whenever you listen, you hear her. She moves in every path; she is mining in every claim. The 'creeping murmur' of the world is her footfall—the 'poring dark' is her veil. To the challenge of the nations, as they peer from their borders, comes ever the same reply—'Who goes there?' 'Russia.'" These are the words with which Mr. Henry Norman, in his book, "All the Russias," sizes up Russia of the present day and the activity of Russian statesmanship. The vast empire of the North has been the subject of discussion in many books written by distinguished travelers and political economists, but it is safe to say that none of his predecessors has equalled Mr. Henry Norman in power of dramatic description and acute insight into, and study of, Russian political, social and economic conditions. In his preface, the English publicist informs us that "All the Russias" is the "outcome of fifteen years' interest in Russian affairs, culminating in four journeys—one of nearly 20,000 miles—in European and Asiatic Russia." He thanks Russian officials for flattering courtesies and assistance extended to him in his travels and investigations, and, to disarm suspicion, makes assurance that he has "never accepted any courtesy that might in the slightest degree" fetter his freedom of expression. Being a professional journalist, Mr. Norman writes in a graphic, popular style, and succeeds in holding the interest of the reader throughout the 460 pages of his book. In the first chapter, he gives us interesting glimpses of railroad travel in Russia. "The gauge of the Russian railway," he says, "is wider than the German," with the obvious intention of preventing the German rolling stock from being available in Russia in case of invasion. . . . The mahogany-paneled carriage is lighted by a score of candles, among which silent, dignified servants move, pouring vodka (whiskey) and bringing tea in glasses—and this is the only Russian thing in which popular rumor has met its liabilities. Express speed in Russia, as exemplified by the Nord express, is about twenty miles an hour, so that the car runs easily and quietly." St. Petersburg, we are informed, is a cosmopol-

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itan, hybrid city. There is nothing about it that is strictly and characteristically Russian. "Any quarter of it would be at home in Paris, or Potsdam, or Pesth. . . . Provincial Russians still hugely admire their capital, but if it were to be rebuilt now, it would resemble Moscow and not Milan. The fashion of imitating the West is passed; to-day, to be patriotic is to be Russian." The masses of the Czar's subjects are poor. Misery seems to be a National fixture. Yet, in spite of this, Russian life is costly. Mr. Norman considers St. Petersburg the most expensive city he ever visited. Tipping is universal and carried to extremes. "Every house and hotel contains a swarm of servants, and each one expects a tip." Moscow is the real, typical capital of the Empire. "It is a great manufacturing city, the focus of a national industrial development already beginning to influence the markets of the world and destined, some day, to affect the fate of nations.

At noon, the exchange is crowded with brokers and merchants, a remarkable proportion of them speaking German, with a sprinkling of Chinese, Persians, and strange faces and headgear from Turkestan." Chapter iv of Mr. Norman's book is devoted to Finland, the little country which has the sympathy of all constitutionally governed countries, on account of the despotic steps recently taken by the Russian authorities to suppress the political privileges of the Finns, which Czar Alexander I solemnly promised to consider sacred forever. Finland is much the superior of the rest of the empire, economically and intellectually. It has a poor soil and a rough climate, but the 2,000,000 of people have "developed, in this dark, wintry corner of Europe, a civilization curiously their own." Finnish civilization is both original and progressive. The little nation is big in character. It has a splendid sys-

tem of schools. Out of every hundred of the entire population, something like twenty-three are actually at school. The chapters devoted to Siberia, the Caucasus and Central Asia contain a mass of valuable information, pointed and striking remarks on various timely topics, and may be regarded as the *piece de resistance* of Mr. Norman's work. There are 129 illustrations, mostly reproductions of the author's own photographs. "All the Russias" is an intensely fascinating work, that deserves to be carefully read by every intelligent student of the problems of modern world-politics, and the economic and social tendencies in an empire which, at the present day, is seriously disturbed by the revolutionary propaganda carried on within its borders. Mr. Norman is, unquestionably, a talented and philosophical observer of things. He betrays considerable cleverness in looking below the surface, and in digging for facts where nobody else would. His diction is good, but marred, occasionally, by a verbose ambiguity of expression and rather unexpected grammatical lapses. A marked exuberance of imagination is, unquestionably, due to Mr. Norman's journalistic bent of mind. The volume is elegantly bound, and of pleasing typographical superiority. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers.



NEW BOOKS

A valuable addition to the many volumes dealing with Italy, its people, life, art and past grandeur is Katherine Hooker's "Wayfarers in Italy." It is a sort of "Baedeker," that confines itself to the more prominent historical places of the Italian peninsula, and gives every indication of decided literary skill and sympathetic historical knowledge on the part of the authoress. The romance of the past, the literary and artistic achievements of the Renaissance, the infinite charms of Venice and of Florence, the famous places of Rimini and Ravenna, are all graphically described. The authoress, in her historical ruminations, does not forget, however, to emphasize the present and the experiences of modern tourist life. This is made clear to us from the opening pages of the elegantly-bound volume. On page 4, for instance, she makes the following practical suggestions about Milan: "To begin with Milan is to start soberly. If one be carping, one is inclined to find it too modern, too prosperous, and to be disappointed that most of the ancient buildings have been swept away, and that the elaborate stone carving in the ceiling of the cathedral is only brown paper. But this is unreasonable. We cannot expect Italy not to experiment in commercial progress with the rest of the world, and the brown paper merely indicates magnificent intentions for future fulfillment. Are there not 2,000 marble statues on the exterior of the edifice now, with Napoleon among them, by the way, in classic drapery, to show what has already been accomplished?" Regarding the historical figures of the ancient capital of Lombardy,

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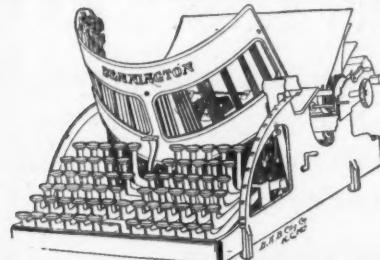
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### OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A. J. CRAWFORD,  
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

especially the great House of the Visconti, we are given considerable information. "A grisly phantasmagoria of life of that day," the authoress concludes, "presents itself to our sober on-looking! Theirs, indeed, was no colorless existence; they lived deeply and died violently, for the most part; intemperate in their love and hate, sinuous in their cunning, ungovernable in their rapacity, and few are the pages of Italian history that picture it more vividly than those of Milan." The noble city of Florence is, of course, described and discussed at length. Some of the passages are highly realistic and, undoubtedly, true to facts. On page 58, we read that the church of Misericordia, the most interesting visited by the writer, "was hung with black, and there was no light excepting what came from the altar of the sepulchre. A life-size figure of the dead Christ lay there, terribly real, and covered with wounds ghastly in their verisimilitude and crimson with streaming or coagulated blood. A silent crowd coming and going filled the church. Women and children pressed up to kiss the body and babies were raised in their mothers' arms that they might touch their lips to each wound separately." What is the best time to visit Italy? To this question, the authoress replies that "there are those who insist that October is the crowning month of the whole year, with its flush of sumptuous color and its joyous vintage festivals. Perhaps in Italy it lacks the shade of sadness it has elsewhere, the impression of hectic decay that our wondrously-tinted forests suggest, or, perhaps, the tinge of melancholy is there and renders it all the fuller. At all events, one must long to complete the cycle and know an Italian summer." The volume contains a number of excellent illustrations, selected with fine care and discrimination. The diction is well nigh faultless and makes easy reading. "Wayfarers in Italy" is a popularly-written book and appeals to popular taste. It deserves to be read. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Century company, New York, is publishing a new series of St. Nicholas books, consisting of stories which have made their appearance in the *St. Nicholas* magazine. There will be six attractive volumes, containing the right kind of reading matter for wholesome, intelligent boys. One of these volumes, entitled "The Boys of the Rincon Ranch," by H. S. Canfield, has just come out. It describes the experiences of two New York school-boys on a Texas ranch, where they spend their vacation of two months. The various exciting and typically Texan incidents are well told. The author steers clear of dime-novel melodrama, and writes in a style that is both, clear and boyishly fresh. The neatly-bound and illustrated volume contains good studies of natural history.



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## The Mirror



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Birth of Love Waltzes—Newest New York Craze.  
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## SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. A. H. Hebird has returned from a tour of several months abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gardons are back from a summer tour of California. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding, have just returned from a trip to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bascome, are at home again from their summer trip. Miss Lily Lambert, who has been East, returned home Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michel, of Cincinnati, have returned to St. Louis to reside. Mrs. Theodore Hunt and her son returned, a few days since, from Jamestown, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch and Miss Minnie Busch sailed, last week, from Europe. Mrs. B. F. Yoakum has returned to St. Louis after summering at her Lake George cottage. Judge and Mrs. Estes will give up their residence, at 4434 Laclede, and move to 3930 Delmar. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner have returned from a visit of several weeks to French Lick Springs. Miss Marietta Dwyer returned, the latter part of the week, from the East, where she spent the summer.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

## Ladies' Restaurant OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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St. Louis.

Mrs. Maude Belcher and Miss Isabel Belcher, are now on their way home after several months spent abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bagnell and family have just returned from Europe where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. M. Kehlor and Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Walsh have just returned from the Hot Springs of Virginia.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson and family are again at home from their summer sojourn at their Jamestown cottage.

Mrs. Moses Rumsey and her daughters have returned to the city, after spending the summer at their Nantucket cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. McKee have returned from an extended trip, during which they visited Northern and Eastern resorts.

Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer has just returned home after accompanying her daughter, Miss Louie Spencer, to an Eastern college.

Mr. and Mrs. Laclede Howard have returned to the city after several months spent in Europe. Mrs. Henry Flad and Miss Flad accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bettis have given up their home on West Pine and taken a house on Lindell boulevard for the winter. A little later they will make a trip East.

Mrs. M. T. Papin, Miss Josephine Papin and Miss Fannie Broth are expected back the early part of this week from Coburg, Canada, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson entertained, last week, their sister-in-law, Mrs. D. D. Mitchell, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mrs. John Miller Horton of the same place.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pretorius have taken a house at 4257 Westminster place, where they are now settled, and will be "at home" to their friends during the coming season.

Mrs. J. H. Holbrook, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. H. R. Gray, and has been much entertained during her stay here. Miss Corinne Erskine gave a luncheon in her honor last week.

Judge and Mrs. McKiegan announced, last week, the engagement of their daughter, Miss Viola Hunt McKiegan and Mr. C. Perley Hutchinson. The date has not been set for the wedding.

Mrs. Charles P. Wise, accompanied by her daughters, Misses Blanche and Marie Wise, are again settled at their home in Westminster place, after having spent the summer at Watch Hill.

Mrs. Thomas W. Crouch and Miss Ida Crouch will leave, this week, for New York, where Miss Crouch will purchase a trousseau for her approaching marriage to Mr. Williams, of New York.

Miss Daisy Aull gave a very informal tea on Monday afternoon in order to announce her engagement to Mr. Guilford Duncan. Miss Aull is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Aull of 481 Westminster place. Mr. Duncan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. James LaPrelle announced, last week, the engagement of their daughter, Miss Effie LaPrelle, and Mr. Presley Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Allen of 5061 Forest Park terrace. The wedding will take place in November at the Third Baptist church.

Mrs. David D. Mitchell has been, for the past ten days, visiting St. Louis friends while the guest of Mrs. John Miller Horton, of Buffalo, at the Planters. Mrs. Horton gave a dinner, on Saturday evening, to the ladies who have so pleasantly entertained them during their stay.

A quiet wedding, of Monday, was that of Miss Helen Duross and Mr. Firmin Rene Desloge, which took place at half past eight in the morning at the Cathedral chapel, Rev. Father Gilfillan officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Katherine Duross, as maid of honor, and Mr. Eugene Fusz was best man. A bridal breakfast, at the home of the bride, on McPherson avenue, followed the ceremony, after which the bride and groom went to their home at 3916 Flad avenue.

Mrs. John Ockerson gave a tea, last Friday afternoon from four to six o'clock, in honor of Mrs. John Miller Horton, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is one of the board of lady managers of the World's Fair. Mrs. David D. Mitchell, of Buffalo, and Mrs. William Coleman, of Indianapolis, Ind., assisted in receiving. Among those present were: Miss Helen Gould, Mesdames James L. Blair, Julius Walsh, W. B. Stevens, W. Woodward, Corwin H. Spencer, Charles Knapp, George W. Parker, George Wright and Goodman Ring.



A recent traveler in Georgia riding along a road saw a typical negro woman outside a white-washed cabin, while on the lawn in front a bevy of young colored

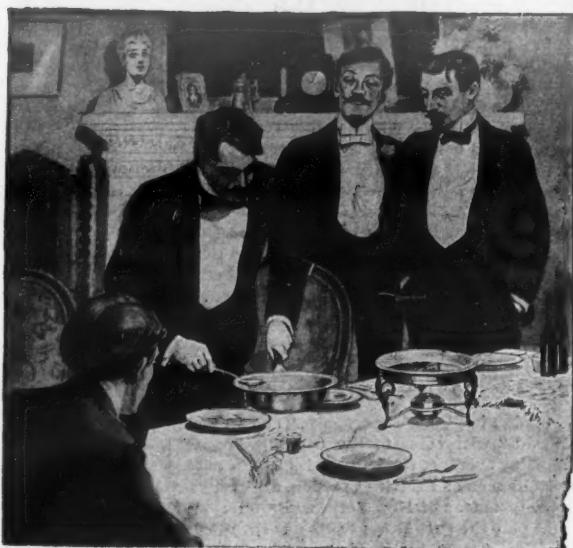
## ... THE . . . CHAFING DISH

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Nothing so conduces to sociability, gayety and informal enjoyment as the Chafing Dish at the after-the-theater petit souper, bachelor parties and impromptu lunches.

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The Amateur Cook at the Bachelor Party.

## MERMOD & JACCARD'S On BROADWAY, Cor. Locust.

children were playing. There were eight of them altogether, seven of them being very, very dark, while the eighth one was light complexioned.

"You've got some fine looking children there, aunty," he said.

"Deed I hab, boss," she replied. "Dere ain't any better pickaninnies in de whole State of Georgia den dat first seven, but dat eighth one, dat mulatto; she done make me more trouble dan de whole oder seven put togedder."

"In what way?" I asked, and she replied:

"Case she done show dirt so easy!"

This is fault-finding with a vengeance, but not even such a spirit as the old mammy's could find a flaw in a Swope

shoe. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish, durability and price. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



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## THEATRICALS

As a pastoral drama, "Way Down East" promises to become immortal. Its barn-yards, cows and horses and rural heroes and heroines are enthusiastically admired at the Olympic this week. There are, villains professors, country-squires and country-girls of the most orthodox type. It is the real thing. There is a snow-storm the realism of which is shiveringly intense. Mr. Archie Boyd is still the idol of the audiences, and is ably seconded in his efforts by Mr. Felix Haney as Hi Holler and Miss Phoebe Davies as Anna Moore. The play has been improved, since last seen here, by the introduction of various new features. The stage effects are more than usually good.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

Clyde Fitch's society comedy, "The Way of the World," will come to the Olympic beginning Monday evening, the 13th, Miss Elsie de Wolfe will be seen as Beatrice Croyden, a smart young society matron of New York, while John Mason will play the part of her husband. George Croyden, a successful politician, so absorbed in the furtherance of his own ambition that he neglects his wife with nearly serious results. The sympathizing friend of the Croydens, who carries on a flirtation with Mrs. Croyden, the kind hearted divorcee, through whose efforts the Croydens are reconciled and whose reconciliation with her husband makes an effective semi-pathetic bit of stage realism. These are a few of the characters and a suggestion of the interesting plot in Mr. Fitch's play. It is said that the gowns will be unusually handsome. The names of the supporting company promise well for an adequate rendition of "The Way of the World."

Chauncey Olcott, the delightful Irish comedian, will appear at the Century Theater, beginning Sunday evening, the 12th, in a new play of life in the Emerald Isle, "Old Limerick Town." The scene of the new play is in the dear old Irish town of Limerick, famed for its laces and its river Shannon, two glimpses of which are seen in the course of the play, one showing the river flowing peacefully by and the other giving some idea of the beauty of the falls of Doonan. The new play is by Mr. Augustus Pitou, who has written all of Mr. Olcott's successful plays. It abounds, it is said, in pretty sentiment, strong situations and delightful humor. For the play Mr. Olcott has composed half a dozen new songs, which includes a rollicking dancing song for children.

Messrs. Heineman and Welb have procured this season, for the presentation of the German drama, a list of prominent players that assures

high-class renderings of any and all productions. The favorites of last season, on Monday evening, when the three act comedy "Das Opferslann" was the offering, were received with enthusiastic applause. The verdict passed upon the new members was that they are universally good. Wednesday evening's attraction, Sardou's "Gorgette," was pronounced a decided success. Sunday, October 12th, the musical comedy, "Unsere Don Juans," (Our Don Juans) will be presented Wednesday, the 15th, the great laughing success. "Das Schooskind," (The Pet Child) will be presented.



Large audiences are attracted to the Standard, this week, by the "Tiger-Lilies." The different acts are clever and unusual in character. "The Twin Sister" and "Wink Van Ripple" are especially humorous and pleasing. The Garrity Sisters dance with spirit and rhythm, and are both youthful and winsome. The Deonzo Brothers, barrel jumpers, contribute a sensational act. The three Polos, in a trapeze act, add to the attractiveness of the performance. Next week, "Bryant's Burlesques."



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The Illinois Central Railroad has placed in service from St. Louis to the South, a new train, leaving St. Louis at 1:32 noon, arriving Memphis 10:40 p. m. and New Orleans 9:35 a. m. next morning; also corresponding service north-bound, arriving St. Louis 5:16 p. m. The time of this train, "The New Orleans Special," south-bound is twenty hours, the quickest time ever made between these points for regular schedule. This train carries through Pullman sleeping car for New Orleans via Memphis and all meals are served in dining car operated by this Company. In addition the through Pullman sleeping car, chair car and buffet library car are furnished for the comfort of the passengers by this progressive and up-to-date railroad.



Messrs. Heineman and Welb have procured this season, for the presentation of the German drama, a list of prominent players that assures

EVENING DRESS  
REQUISITES

Each season introduces new ideas, variations and noticeable changes in the small but important requisites to Correct Evening Dress—new forms and fabrics in Dress Ties—new shapes in Collars—new Evening and Carriage Gloves—new Dress Mufflers and changes in the styles of Full Dress Shirts, and although conservatism must always dominate the tone of Evening Dress, yet the changes are of sufficient importance to be carefully noted.

We are pleased to announce our showing of the most correct fashions in Evening Requisites.

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On Olive Street at Seventh.

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Although thousands have visited this new Department, yet many are not aware that St. Louis contains the most magnificent collection of Gas and Electric Light Fixtures in the United States.

Our fall styles are now in, and we invite one and all to view this assemblage of art.

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This department is under the management of Mr. Spencer Gale, formerly of the Archer & Dauber Co., of New York.

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**GAS**

. . . AND . . .

**Electric Light  
Fixtures!****THE INDIAN TERRITORY**

The passage of the Cherokee Treaty on August 7th calls direct attention to one of the most fertile sections of the United States. Prosperity in the Southwest is an assured fact, and the development of the Indian Territory and the consequent expansion in trade and wealth is but a question of time. In a few years this section, so long neglected, will be well threaded with railways as is Iowa or Minnesota. Its fitness for close settlement, comparative certainty of rainfall, and natural resources make it an attractive goal for Western lines. The marvelous fertility of the soil is shown in the fact that the Government cotton report for 1901 gives the average lint production of the Territory per acre at 214 pounds, exceeded only by that of Louisiana, 260 pounds, and far in excess of the world's average, 169 pounds. The cotton industry alone is of much importance in the Territory's future.

White settlers are pouring into the Territory, unwilling to wait for the formal opening of the farm lands. They are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the plating of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The coal mines are being developed rapidly, and other mineral riches will soon be brought to the surface. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

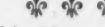
The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Our late importation of Art Nouveau bronzes and electroliers is positively unsurpassed this side of New York. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



Tough—"Oh, Henry, don't cut your pie with a knife." "Eliza, you ought to be thankful I don't call for a can opener."—Chicago Record.

**NEW BOOKS AT CUT PRICES.**

The Wooing of Wistaria, Onoto Watanabe; The Climax, Chas. F. Pidgin; The Pharaoh and the Priest, Alexander Golvatski, translated by Jeremiah Curtin; The Queen of Quelparte, Archer B. Hulbert; Stronger Than Love, Mrs. Alexander; The Banner of Blue, S. R. Crockett; The Ragged Edge, John T. McIntyre; Indian Boyhood, Chas. A. Eastman; The Hole in the Wall, Arthur Morrison. Also a full line of paper novels and periodicals, at

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DOWN EAST  
Prices, \$1, 75, 50, 25c.  
Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

NEXT WEEK,  
Elsie de Wolf  
IN  
THE WAY OF  
THE WORLD  
Reserved seats  
on sale Thurs.

**CENTURY**

THIS WEEK,  
OTIS SKINNER  
IN  
"LAZARRE"  
Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY,  
Chauncy Olcott  
IN  
"OLD  
LIMERICK  
TOWN"  
Reserved Seats Thurs.

**GERMANIA THEATER,**  
FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST.  
Heinemann and Weil  
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12th 1902.  
The Great Musical Comedy

**UNSERE DON YUANS**  
In Four Acts by Leon Treptow, Heinemann  
Bergere and Loebel in leading parts,  
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th 1902,  
The Great Laughing Success,  
**"DAS SCHOSSKIND"**  
A Comedy in Three Acts by Bruno Kohler,  
Phone Kin, C 875. Box office open from 9 a. m.  
to 6 p. m.

**THE STANDARD**

THIS WEEK,

**TIGER LILIES.**

NEXT WEEK,

**Bryant's Burlesquers**

If you want the services of a high-grade

**ORCHESTRA,**

—SEE—

**BROMLEY,**

CHEMICAL BUILDING,  
EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.

TELEPHONES:  
A 484,  
A 212,  
D 1653.



**MILLS & AVERILL  
TAILORING CO.**

**INVESTIGATION**

Has proved to many that there is one kind of tailoring that is always good, OURS! No matter who or where you are, you're dressed "right" in garments made by us.

Suits and Overcoats to Your Order,  
\$20 to \$50.

*Mills & Averill*  
TAILORING  
GARMENTS & PANTS.

**100 New Rooms.**

Fronting  
Forest Park

**The Monticello,** At Kingshighway  
and West Pine Bl'vd.

Engage family suites in new house with decorations to suit.

L. C. IRVINE, Proprietor.

ROBT. JAMES (late of Country Club), Manager.

At a breakfast at his home, Gladstone is said to have remarked to his guest, Father Healey: "On the door of a church in Rome I saw with my own eyes an inscription that an indulgence of thousands of years was to be had—all for the sum of one franc. What do you say to that, Father Healy—one franc?" "Well," answered Father Healy, to his host's surprise, "and what more would you want for the money? Isn't it dirt cheap?"

We claim that our Diamond Stock is unequalled in quality and invite critical examination and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

**LIVE HIGH WHILE FLYING**

**SOUTH**

That is exactly what you can do if you travel via the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. The luxurious dining car service recently inaugurated in through trains, between St. Louis and New Orleans and Mobile, combined with its superior Pullman service, make it the most pleasant and comfortable means of travel between the North and the South.

*Instructor:* Macaulay said that Lord Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous. What great character in American literature is parallel to this? *Student:* (Who had been dozing): Rip Van Winkle!

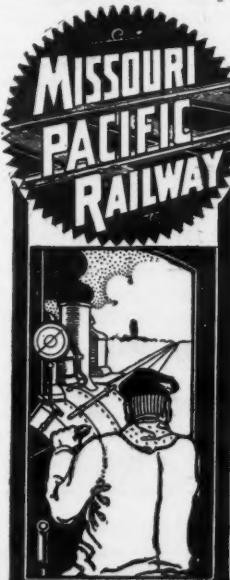
*Teacher:* Say "they aren't," or "they are not." You must never say "they ain't." *Tommy:* Why not? *Teacher:* Because it ain't proper, that's why.

*Teacher:* Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's. *Tommy:* Superior Service—Elegant Equipment. Pullman Sleeping Cars, Observation Parlor Cafe Dining Cars, meals a la carte, with Electric Lights and Fans, Compartment Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (seats free), High-Grade Comfortable Coaches.

**Scrugg's Vandervoort & Barney**

OULD you like to have some very fine Irish linen handkerchiefs with crest, autograph fac-simile, monogram or initials embroidered to order for the holiday season?

Your order should be placed very soon now, as the needlework is done abroad. We will be glad to show you samples—in the handkerchief department, first floor.



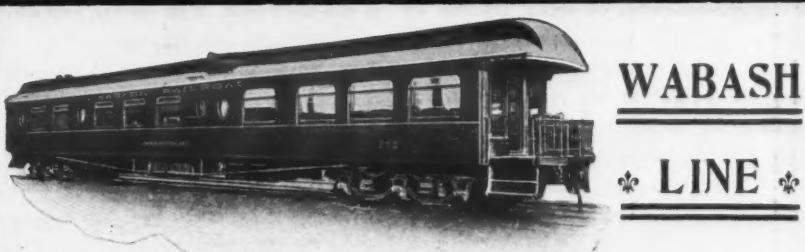
**MISSOURI  
PACIFIC  
RAILWAY**

**THE FAST MAIL ROUTE.**

**5 DAILY TRAINS 5  
TO  
KANSAS CITY**

*H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. and T. Agt., St. Louis.*

Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive.



**WABASH**

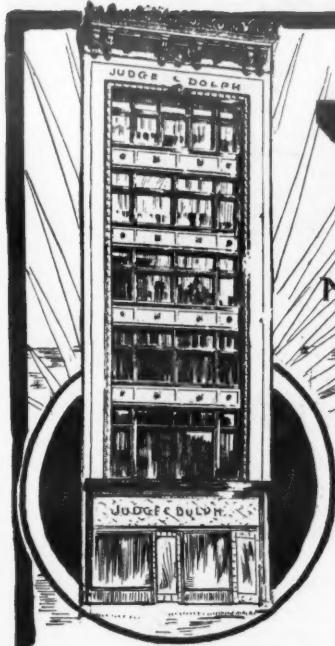
**LINE**

**THE Banner Route TO ALL IMPORTANT CITIES.**

It has its own rails between ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY,  
OMAHA, DES MOINES, TOLEDO, DETROIT,  
NIAGARA FALLS and BUFFALO,

All through car lines to DENVER, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

LUXURIOUS PARLOR, SLEEPING, DINING, OBSERVATION-CAFE AND CHAIR CARS COMPOSE ITS TRAINS.



# JUDGE & DOLPH'S NEW DRUG STORE No. 515 OLIVE ST.

De Soto, in 1541 first beheld the waters of a great river upon the banks of which, in centuries to come, a world-known city was to be the home of the finest drug store in the world.

We do not have to be discovered—we are known to the vast majority of St. Louisans, though our removal (made absolutely necessary by the growth of our business) has caused some of our customers to become confused concerning our new address. We are now in our own home—

## THE HANDSOME JUDGE & DOLPH BUILDING, 515 OLIVE STREET.

Our NEW DRUG STORE is now the most convenient shopping place for you. In addition to the other advantages, the Judge & Dolph Drug Stores always offered THE LOWEST OF PRICES—the largest and most varied stocks and unvarying courtesy.

Prophylactic Tooth Brush— reg. price 35c—cut.....	17c
Pasteurine Tooth Paste— reg. price 25c—cut.....	8c

### TOOTH PREPARATIONS.

Lyon's Tooth Powder, reg. 25c.....	14c
Graves' Tooth Powder, reg. 25c.....	14c
Pasterine Tooth Paste, reg. 25c.....	11c
Euthymol Tooth Paste, reg. 25c.....	12c
Sanitol Tooth Powder, reg. 25c.....	16c
Sanitol Tooth Paste, reg. 25c.....	16c
Sanitol Tooth Liquid, reg. 50c.....	31c
Dentacura Tooth Paste, reg. 25c.....	18c
Zonweise Tooth Paste, reg. 25c.....	12c
Arnica Tooth Soap, reg. 25c.....	15c
Roger & Gallet's Tooth Paste, regu- lar 50c.....	28c
Roger & Gallet's Tooth Wash, regu- lar 75c.....	47c
Rubifoam.....	16c

OUR LADIES' RUBBER GOODS are shown in a private apartment, and by a woman. Ladies will appreciate this feature as much as the Low Prices on these goods.

### PRESCRIPTIONS

—Accuracy, and the perfect purity of all drugs used in filling your prescriptions is our first care. Our prices are lowest, too, but that is a secondary consideration. You want exactly what your physician prescribed, and that is what you are guaranteed when we fill your prescription!

### P. & W. Quinine, 45c oz 100 empty capsules, any size 5c

### TOILET PREPARATIONS.

Mennen's Talcum Powder, reg. 25c.....	11c
Levy's La Blache Face Powder (any color), regular 50c.....	30c
Java Riz Face Powder, regular 50c.....	21c
Woodbury Face Powder, regular 25c.....	18c
Rogers & Gallet's Face Powder, Violette de Parme, regular 50c.....	35c
Tetlow's Swandon, regular 15c.....	9c
Tetlow's Gossamer, regular 25c.....	14c
Malvina Cream, regular 50c.....	31c

### FINE SOAPS.

Societe Hygienic Soap, large cake (un- scented) regular 50c.....	26c
Packer's Tar Soap, regular 25c.....	15c
Woodbury's Facial Soap, regular 25c.....	15c
"4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap, reg 25c.....	12c
Roger & Gallet's Violet Soap (round cake), regular 25c.....	17c
Williams' Shaving Soap, regular 10c.....	5c
Williams' Shaving Stick, regular 25c.....	14c

### Dickson's Witch Hazel, full pint bottle.....

10c

### Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap, the large 15c cake.....

5c

### Pears' Unscented Soap, 2 cakes 15c

### PATENT MEDICINES.

Listerine.....	65c
Duffy's Malt Whiskey, regular \$1.....	73c
S. S. S., regular \$1.....	71c
Peruna, regular price \$1.....	73c
Horlick's Malted Milk.....	38c
Wine of Cardui,.....	71c

### PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.

Bicarbonate of Soda (baking soda).....	40 lbs. \$1.00
Cream Tartar (pure).....	3 lbs. 1.00
Citric Acid.....	2½ lbs. 1.00
Oxalic Acid.....	12 lbs. 1.00
Sal Ammoniac (granulated).....	8 lbs. 1.00
Alum (lump).....	40 lbs. 1.00



DE SOTO

1541

### READ OUR CIGAR DEPT. AD.

It's well worth while!  
10c CIGARS FOR 5c.

2 of the Celebrated Gen. Arthur Cigars and 2 Nipen Club (our own brand) for.....

OR 3 Chancellor Cigars and 2 Martels (our own brand) for.....

1 Nipen Club and 1 Chancellor for.....

1 Martel and 1 Arthur or Chancellor.....

50,000 of the famous GEO. W. CHILDS Cigars at 3 for 10c, or

\$1 50 for a box of 50. Consumers, dealers, everyone are welcome to as many as they desire at this price, which is lower than the lowest wholesale price. Mail orders promptly filled. Cost of sending per box of 50, 25c; per 100, 40c; per 500, 60c; per 1,000, \$1 NOTE—The bands on these cigars are worth ½c apiece, making these cigars

really cost you \$1.38 for 50 Geo. W. Childs.

Come into this palace of trade—it's something that every St. Louisan, proud of his city, should see. It's not out of your way—on Olive street, midway between Barr's corner and Scruggs' Olive street entrance.

**JUDGE & DOLPH. 515 OLIVE ST.**

### FASHIONS

Parisian fashions in *lingerie*, this season, are of the daintily delicate, "simple elegance" order. The handwork embroidery on body and ruffles of the garments describe only the tiniest of patterns, of forget-me-nots, of mere tendrils of vines, or of fancy variations of the zigzag stitch. Some sets shown have no trimming or ruffles at all, but are prettily finished off with the double buttonhole edge effect. Beading remains in favor; wider, however, than that of last season, with, of course, the inserted ribbon of like width, but the surplus is caught into long, soft bows, instead of the rosette of last year. *Robes de nuit* of downy *nainsook*, trimmed in *cluney torchon* laces and *l'enfant* blue and pink ribbons, made *chemise* style, are quite the *piece de resistance* of the handsome garments displayed for one's bewilderment, while those of the applique embroidery and *valencienne* lace-trimmed are perfect symphonies in billowy white. Underskirts, *chemise*, etc. belonging to these sets are in exquisite harmony and all of so many varied patterns one's only difficulty is in knowing which to choose. Those sets shown

in Persian lawn and of domestic make, however, vie closely with the Parisian made. True, the one is handmade, the other machinemade, yet if one's taste be not especially aesthetic, the domestics will dangerously rival the French importation. The China silk *chemise* and *robes de nuit* in sea-shell pink, Nile green, and electric blue, fashioned in *surplice* effect, with deep laces and ribbons, ribbons galore, are quite too dreamily pretty to describe. These last, of course, are Paris creations.

Handsome French skirts in yellow *taffetas*, with the always strikingly beautiful combination of black lace trimmings, are to be the prevailing mode. However, the all blue *taffetas*, embroidered in white silk, are an importation which, doubtless, will have many purchasers. The diminutive tuckings, frills and furbelows of the gorgeous white silk evening underskirts baffle description; one must see them to know their beauties.

France, too, is, one might say, surpassing herself almost, in corset making. The slender figure, the medium, the one inclined to *embonpoint*, each is provided for; for instance, "La Reve," designed for the average figure, is so constructed that it may be worn open at the top.

to admit of greater fullness in the bust, is medium long waist and has habit hips. This corset laces at either side of the front steel, and has *jaratelles* at the front and over the hips. For the slender stature, the "Inedit," lacing at the sides, clasp front, which latter, by the way, is softly padded with a strip of downy plush, and wide, elastic band spanning the hips, is one of, if not *the*, most desirable of models. The "Leoty," to wear with one's particularly sheer evening gowns, is a model that is winning unstinted praise. It gives a perfect, straight front effect and is, in fact, of a high-class grade that cannot but be appreciated. The "Paramé" and "Lily of France," too, are models noted for faultless beauty of fit, and have already won great favor. French *coutille* and silk *batiste* are the most popular materials, while dainty trimmings of lace and ribbon around the top are all that is permissible.

While discussing the latest styles in *lingerie* and corsets it seems but natural that one would think of "the proper thing" in *toilette* articles. Roger and Gallet's perfumes, *toilette*-water sachet powder, etc., continue in favor, and, just now, their "Merveille Violet" is attrac-

ing unusual attention, yet, withal, Houligant's "Ideal" is proving itself to be so exquisitely dainty that it bids fair to become a more than close rival. The "Ideal" sachet, extract, face powder, *toilette* water and soap are, it seems, each more delicately delightful than the other; each, too, in an appropriate receptacle befitting my lady's handsomest dressing table. Other features pertaining to the *toilette* and bath might be mentioned, but everything herein described, and whole hosts of other things besides, may be personally seen at Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's large emporium—where every possible attention and courtesy is shown one—which fact makes it appear fatuous to continue at greater length. Once visit this veritable "City Beautiful," and you will thereafter be a regular patron.



Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Wall street is still in a state of perplexity. While the steps taken by the Secretary of the Treasury have been welcomed with extreme delight, they have so far failed to rally the bull forces to an aggressive support of the market. There is considerable mystery yet prevailing about the way the stock market is to be benefited by the ruling doing away with reserves against government bonds. The bank statement issued last Saturday increased Wall street's perplexity. It proved a serious disappointment, inasmuch as it revealed a reduction in the surplus reserves of about \$1,500,000, bringing them once more close to the danger line. Conservative people continue to shake their heads over the existing state of affairs. They are disposed to look askance at Mr. Shaw's action, and do not hesitate to assert a belief that it will, in the end, do more harm than good. At any rate, they think, it does not improve the situation to any perceptible extent, as it does not make the resources of the banks any larger than they were before. All Mr. Shaw has accomplished is that the banks will hereafter have more leeway in extending their loans and promoting continued inflation of stocks. In view of this, it is hard to understand how the situation has been improved or strengthened. Bull leaders are, of course, elated over the trend of affairs. They express confidence in a speedy change in the market's trend and predict a sharp revival in business within the near future.

Are they justified in expressing sentiments of optimism? Is there really reason to think that stocks are once more a purchase? The superficial observer may think that everything looks serene and advise his friends to take another plunge into speculation on the long side of the account. The cautious trader will not lose his mental equipoise, however, over the present Wall street rhodomontades and specious promises. He will take the substantial factors into consideration, those which really count, which underlie basic values and the drift of things commercial, financial and political. He will ponder, first of all, the queer, dangerous state of affairs in the money markets of the world. Interest rates are rising everywhere. In none of the important financial centers of the civilized world is there any trace of a buoyant feeling. Liquidation is prevalent in New York, London, Berlin, Paris and Vienna. The Bank of England and the Bank of

Germany have raised their rates of discount to 4 per cent. The former institution is losing large amounts of gold, which is being withdrawn for shipment to Egypt and Argentine. It is, therefore, unable and unwilling to fill New York demands, and to dispel all danger from that quarter, it hastened to raise its rates at the right time. The Bank of Germany followed suit at once, as it realized that being foiled in London, New York bankers would not hesitate to draw upon Berlin for needed funds. The Bank of France is equally anxious to protect its gold reserve. While it has large hoardings of the yellow metal, it is compelled to prepare for various big loans and for the conversion of the French debt, under the plan formulated by M. Rouvier. It is thus apparent that America cannot rely on any foreign assistance and will have to depend on domestic means to keep things in order. Some weeks ago, oversanguine people expressed the hope, or con-

How Much Coal Does Your Range Burn?

Is it any more this year than the year you bought it? If so, there are leaks somewhere.

Over 250,000 satisfied users of

**Majestic Ranges**

can testify that Majestic gives the most heat for the least fuel—and does not waste. There are good reasons why it does, reasons which are the outcome of 34 years in range building.

If you are having any trouble with your ovens, or with any other part of your cooking apparatus, you will be interested in the Majestic book, full of valuable information and good cooking receipts, sent free.

Address

**Majestic Manufacturing Co., 2010 Morgan Street, St. Louis.**

Majestic Ranges are made for city homes, farms, ranches, mines, contractors, steamers and hotels.



Have Your Eyes Tested Free at

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608 OLIVE STREET.

They will adjust the proper glasses, make them especially for you, if necessary, and their charges will be surprisingly reasonable.

*Sonnenfeld's*

Fine Millinery

Headquarters for Tailor Made Hats.

Sole Agents for Connelly Turbans.

**Great St. Louis Fair**

Opened October 6.

\$35,000 in Cash Premiums and Purses.

Closes October 11.

UNEQUALED DISPLAYS IN AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, MACHINERY, MANUFACTURES AND LIVE STOCK.

AMPHITHEATER ATTRACTIONS—Prof. Woodward's Educated Seals and Sea Lions; Prof. Baldwin, Daring Balloonist and Thrilling Parachute Leaper; Great Ancollette Trio in their Sensational Casting Aerial Act; Prof. Edward Rix, in a marvelous High-Wire Act; F. H. Conley, the Daring One-Legged Trick Bicyclist; Exciting Automobile and Motor Cycle Races.

ADMISSION TO THE GROUNDS AND AMPHITHEATER. 50 CENTS.

Running Races on the Fastest Mile Track in the West Commencing Daily at 2 P.M.

Thursday, Oct. 9, will be a Legal Holiday. Friday, Oct. 10, will be Charity Day.

JOHN HACHMEISTER, Secretary.

C. A. TILLES, President.

## The Mirror

viction, rather, that our exports of cotton and breadstuffs would be so exceptionally heavy, this autumn, as to make large gold imports and a decided weakness in sterling exchange imperative. Readers of these columns will remember that they were, at that time, advised to go slow and to place little reliance upon such optimistic expectations. Since then, New York banks have, by hook and by crook, managed to scrape a few millions together, mostly in Australia, but they sorrowfully admit that there is little or no hope of any further imports, because sterling exchange is obstinately strong and our exports refuse to grow to any marked extent. Corn shipments are smaller than they ever were and the cotton movement is merely normal. In addition to all this, our foreign obligations have been enlarged very extensively, and we are thus more or less at the mercy of our foreign creditors. And as the crop movement has only started, currency shipments to the interior may be expected to continue for at least four weeks to come. Mr. Shaw's action to relieve the troubled money-market has pointed out grave dangers, and it will be to the interest of Wall street leaders as well as of the whole country to heed them.

In the commercial world there are also signs of danger. The coal strike and labor troubles in other directions are no bullish features; they tend to unsettle, to injure and intimidate. Clearances are

still heavy, but it is easy to attach too much importance to them. More attention should be paid to the reports of increasing expenditures of corporations. In the annual report of the president of the Wabash Ry. Co. one may find some highly interesting and significant remarks about the enhancing prices of material and of labor, and the cut which they make into net revenues. It is well known that many of our railroads have reduced expenditures very materially, but they will have to change this policy before a great while, and then investors will be given a chance to learn something about real earning capacity. The industrial combines are also a source of danger. The news that the National Salt Co. has been placed into the hands of receivers shows which way the wind is blowing. A few years ago, the writer heard some beautifully bullish talk about this trust, about Standard Oil buying, tremendous earnings and all that sort of thing. He well remembers how eager "suckers" were to become partners of the Rockefellers in the profitable salt business. What has become of all the charming stories, of the enticing predictions and the confiding "suckers?" They have gone the way of all things mundane; they have perished, together with the trust, and the name of their followers will be legion.

The elections for Congress should also be drawn into calculations regarding the future of stock values. While prospects



**LOOKING AHEAD FOR A GOOD THING.  
"THE ONLY WAY."**

**Burlington  
Route**

**A GREAT  
DENVER TRAIN.**

It leaves St. Louis at 2:15 P. M. to-day.  
It arrives Denver at 3:15 P. M. to-morrow.

A train that allows over half a day in one city and the best part of the next afternoon in another city over 900 miles away meets the most exacting demands of business and tourist travel.

This is a complete through train of chair cars, sleepers and dining cars. It makes immediate connections at Denver for Interior Colorado.

**ANOTHER THROUGH DENVER TRAIN AT 9:00 P. M.**

For tickets, berths, folders, special Colorado and California publications, apply City Ticket Office  
S. W. Corner Broadway and Olive Street.

## THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

**CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00  
SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00**

H. A. FORMAN, President. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres't. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres't.  
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier

**Interest Paid on Time Deposits**

**Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.**

**Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.**

**S.E.COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.**

**Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.**

**LINCOLN TRUST CO.**

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

**PAYS 2% INTEREST**

ON REGULAR CHECK ACCOUNTS.

(Credited Monthly.)

**CAPITAL AND SURPLUS..... \$3,500,000**



MISSOURI TRUST BUILDING.  
OLIVE AND 7TH STS.

**Missouri Trust Company  
OF ST. LOUIS.**

### BANKING—

Pays interest 2 per cent on accounts subject to check.

### SAVINGS—

Accounts of \$1.00 and upward received; 3 per cent interest paid

### TRUSTS—

Acts in all trust capacities, as executor, guardian, administrator, trustee.

### SAFE DEPOSIT—

Boxes for rent, \$5.00 per annum.

### LAND TITLES—

Examined, certified and guaranteed.

**WHITAKER & COMPANY,**

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

**Bond and Stock Brokers.**

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

**300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,**

**ST. LOUIS.**

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

**JEFFERSON BANK,**

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

# St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

**GUY P. BILLON,**

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Guy P. Billon  
Stock and Bond Broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 1/4 - 103
Park	A O	April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (cur) 6	A O	Apr 10, 1906	10 - 111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	June 25, 1907	101 1/2 - 101 3/4
" 4	A O	Apr 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/4
" 3 1/2	J D	Dec, 1907	102 1/4 - 103
" 4	J J	July 1, 1918	111 - 112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" ster. £100 4	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/4 - 108 1/4
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/4 - 110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/4 - 103
World's Fair 3 1/2	A O	Apr 1, 1902	100 1/2 - 101
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.,	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/4
Funding 6.	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 - 104
School Lib. As 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A O	Apr 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 1/2-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 - 105
" 4 15-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20	J D	July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4 10-20	J D	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Du'.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	81 - 84
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100 - 101
Century Bldg 1st 6s.	1916	107 - 109
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	.. - 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 - 106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 10-10	1904	99 - 101 1/2
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	110 - 112
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 - 109 1/4
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s.	1929	116 1/4 - 117
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/4 - 113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s.	1921	115 - 116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	89 - 90
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1916	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94 1/2 - 95 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90 - 100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s.	1919	102 - 102 1/2
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	101 1/4 - 105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Sept. '02, 2 Q	328 - 331
Boatmen's	100	July, '02, 3 1/2 SA	248 - 250
Bremen Sav.	100	July, '02, 8 SA	325 - 350
Fourth National	100	May, '02, 5 SA	354 - 357
Franklin	100	June, '02, 4 SA	190 - 200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	400 - 403
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 SA	775 - 825
International	100	Aug. '02, 1 1/2 Q	177 - 185
Jefferson	100	Sept. '02, 3 Q	230 - 235
Lafayette	100	July '02, 10 SA	525 - 575
Mechanic's Nat.	100	Sept. '02, 2 1/2 Q	290 - 295
Merc - Laclede	100	Aug. '02, 2 Q	301 - 303
Northwestern	100	July '02, 4 SA	180 - 270
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Sept. '02, 2 1/2 Q	395 - 398
South Side	100	May. '02, 3 SA	138 - 142
Southern com.	100	July '02, 3 SA	120 - 130
State National	100	June, '02, 3 SA	213 - 215
Third National	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	330 - 331
Vandeventer Bk.	100		110 - 120

<sup>a</sup>Quoted 100 for par.

favor Republican success, there are some forces at work the weight and influence of which it is hard to estimate. They may lead to Democratic success. This would not, *per se*, be a misfortune, but it would inject uncertainty into politics and into the outlook for the 1904 campaign. In Europe, politics is also assuming a disquieting hue. In France there are rumblings which are, by some, taken to indicate another revolution, and in the Balkans it begins to look as if the "Sick Man" were getting to be sicker than ever.

The bulls will do well in going slow until about Decembet 1st. Conditions are not in good shape for a sustained campaign on the long side. The market needs rest and a chance to right itself. There is no reason to fear a crash, but enough has "cropped out" in the past few weeks to set people thinking and conjecturing.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The bears were fairly active in the past week, especially in St. Louis Transit, but they did not accomplish much. Selling was at no time on a large scale, although sufficient to produce a yielding tendency in several directions. The bank and trust company issues held remarkably firm, but this may be explained, partly, by the fact that offerings decrease whenever prices are on the down-grade. The stiffening of interest rates seem to have a perturbing effect, and to induce the banks to be more circumspect in the acceptance of collateral against loans.

Transit, after dropping to 28, rallied again to 29 1/2, and then receded once more to about 28 1/4. Transactions were rather small, taken at an average. Brokers believe that the buying was "good" on the decline, but fail to explain what they mean by this comprehensive adjective. United Railways appeared to be in demand around 82 1/2.

Bank of Commerce receded to a slight extent on small sales. The stock acts firmly, however. Third National, Missouri Trust, Colonial and Germania continue to hold their ground well. Sentiment on them is distinctly bullish.

Bank clearances are satisfactory and indicate a big commercial business. New York drafts are a trifle higher, and sterling exchange is firm at 4.86 1/2.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. P. McD.—Sorry you got hit. No, the market is not in good shape to be tackled by a little fellow like you. Would recommend that you wait a few weeks. Think well of Missouri Trust.

F. D. Decatur, Ill.—There is little speculative activity in Frisco 2nd. Must be regarded as a

fairly good investment. The common is selling at high figures, but should do better still after Wall street has buckled down to business again. Cannot recommend Union Pacific common at present.

R. J. J.—You might buy on a small scale and try to average up on your holdings. Keep an eye on your margins, however. Transit looks weak, but cannot see any immediate reason why you should let go. Would advise you to hang on to it.

R. K.—Would leave steel stocks alone for the time being. Duluth, S. S. & A. is classed among the "cats and dogs." What do you buy such stuff for? Take your profits and buy one of the "hummers" if you care to speculate at all.

L. D., Denison, Tex.—You must have had lots of enthusiasm. You might use your oil certificates as a wall decoration. If you have the means, stick to your Cotton Belt common, also to your Southern Pacific.

J. R. T.—Keep out of Missouri Edison. You might increase your holdings of Southern Pacific. Do not think so well of Atchison common at current prices. Would prefer Missouri Pacific. G. F. P., Independence, Mo.—Illinois has no State bonds outstanding. You must be under a misapprehension.



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FOR \$1.50—Up-to-date tailor-made Oxford Cloth Waists; green, blue and tan; Our Special Price.....	\$1.50
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Young Men's Suits of all-wool, navy blue, gray mixed cheviot, serge lined, size 32 to 37 chest, only 45 suits in the lot and they are worth \$10.50 each, your choice .....	\$7.59
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Boys' 75c best quality Corduroy Knee Pants, all sizes, for .....	49c

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About Iron Beds—The newest designs are those made entirely of iron; in artistic style and color combinations, and all sizes—they range in price from.....	\$35 to \$2.50
About Buffets—They are now quite the thing, especially in small dining rooms, and when used with a china closet, gives a room a dainty and well-furnished appearance—we have them from.....	\$50 to \$10
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Smith's Saxony Axminster Floor Rugs, size 9x12 feet—in rich floral and Turkish effects—they sell all over at \$25.00—Our Price.....	\$19.50
Savonnene Axminster Carpets—the best make—in exclusive color combinations—made only with $\frac{3}{4}$ borders—price, per yd.....	\$1.50
Body Brussels Carpet—We mean body Brussels—the best 5-frame—name woven in every yard. The designs are patented and cannot be copied, and they are the very swellest ever shown. When you get a genuine Body Brussels you get the best wearing carpet made. Price, per yard.....	\$1.25

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